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American Intelligence Systems' Most Persistent Critic

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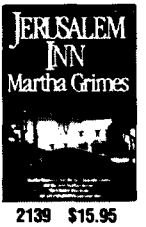

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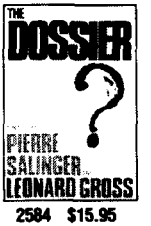

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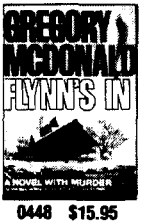

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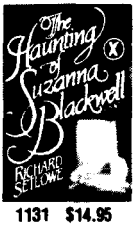

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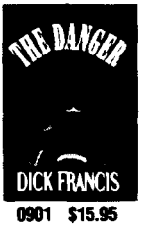

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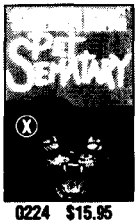

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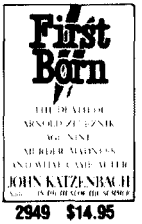

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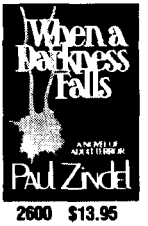

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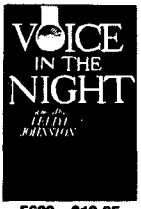

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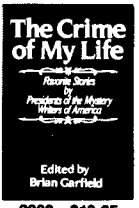

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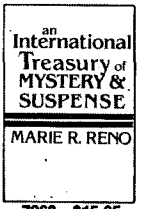

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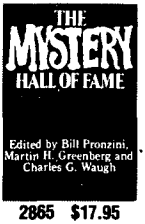

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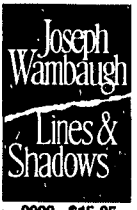

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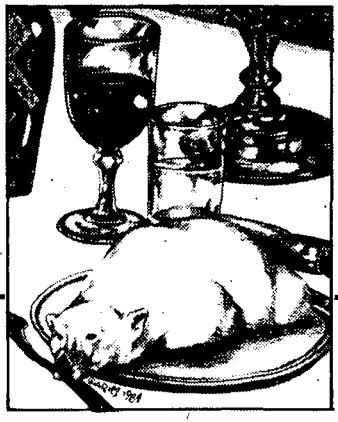

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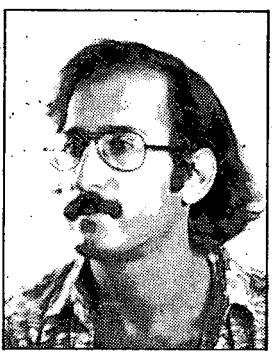
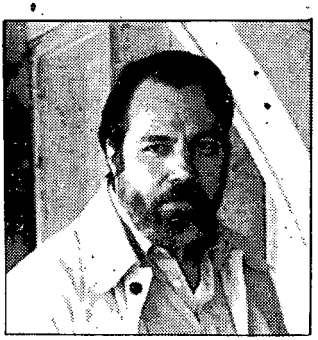
ABOUT PEOPLE

JOSH PACHTER, a man of many talents, began his professional writing career at the age of 15. Although a great deal of his work is published in America, outside of his current home in Erlangen, West Germany, Mr. Pachter's work also appears throughout Europe. He has recently undertaken the translation of several short stories from Dutch into English.





JOHN LUTZ, a full-time writer for just under ten years, has worked in so many different surroundings that his creative mind should never run out of characters, situations, or settings. Born in Texas, he later grew up in St. Louis, where he resides with his wife and three children. His novels include: Lazarus Man, Jericho Man, and Bonegrinder, among others. He has published over a hundred short stories and some of his work has been adapted for radio.

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MORRIS HERSHMAN is the published author of over sixty novels and it is fair to say that he is one of our more prolific writers. He has done work in almost every conceivable category, including a spy series for Charter Books several years ago.

PERCY SPURLARK PARKER, a Chicago author of several novels and many short stories, is a former director of the Mystery Writers of America Midwest Chapter and a current member of *The Private Eye Writers of America*.

MEL WALDMAN, semi-finalist for the CAPS (Creative Artists Program Service) Award for 1984-85, is a novelist, short story writer, sometime newspaper reporter, and a poet. His unusual tale featuring the "Rabbi of Berlin" is a welcome addition to ESPIONAGE.

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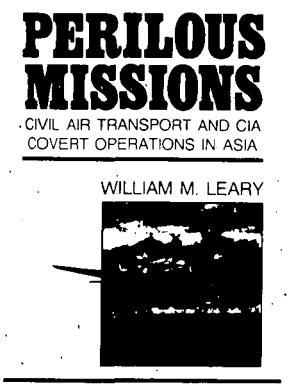
ABOUT BOOKS


PERILOUS MISSIONS
CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT AND CIA COVERT OPERATIONS IN ASIA
WILLIAM M. LEARY
THE TRUE STORY OF THE CIA'S SECRET AIR FORCE

PERILOUS MISSIONS, by William M. Leary. University of Alabama Press, March, 1984, HB, 281 pp.

Perilous Missions, subtitled "Civil Air Transport and CIA covert operations in Asia," is a non-fiction book, second in a trilogy of scholarly works dealing with Sino-American air transport corporations and their interactions with American intelligence.

Founded in China after World War II, by General Claire L. Chennault (of Flying Tiger fame) and Whiting Willauer, Civil Air Transport (CAT) became an important factor in the Chinese civil war, flying arms to anti-communist groups in western China under a CIA contract in 1949. When resistance on the mainland collapsed, CAT helped transport the remnants of the nationalist government to Taiwan. There, Chennault and Willauer cultivated ties with the CIA. In 1950, the CIA secretly purchased CAT, thereby acquiring the cornerstone of its worldwide covert air force.

This is a weighty, scholarly book, with 65 of its 281 pages devoted to appendices, notes, bibliography and index. It covers in detail the CIA's use of CAT to carry out secret missions in Korea, Indochina and elsewhere, and contains a wealth of information not easily available elsewhere. This book is heavy going, but if you want to know about this forgotten period in the history of American Intelligence, read it.

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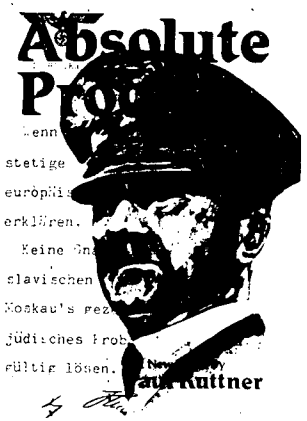
ABSOLUTE PROOF, by Paul Kuttner. Dawnwood Books, 1984, HB, 445 pp.

Once you accept the idea that Adolf Hitler's personal bodyguard is a reasonable protagonist, this is a fun book. Set in 1985, **Absolute Proof** describes the attempts of Otto Haffen, who has since rejected Nazism and become a successful Brazilian plantation owner, to locate a briefcase full of papers he thought he had destroyed on the day of Hitler's death. The papers, which prove that Hitler was part Jewish, are in the hands of a person or persons unknown, being used to stir up tensions all over the world.



Haffen soon joins forces with Diane Ferguson, a fiery Jewish-American radical of the Sixties and Seventies, and her teenage daughter Gaby, and the chase is on. In this one, we've got a plodding FBI agent, several CIA officers (not all of whom are working for the same objective), several factions within the Secret Nazi underground in Brazil and the United States, and a host of other characters, all of whom have different motives for wanting the documents.

In addition to being a fine action-adventure story, this is also a good mystery, one in which the clues are revealed slowly and methodically. The fiery ending leaves most of the bad guys frustrated and the forces of international Nazism weakened. I recommend this one.

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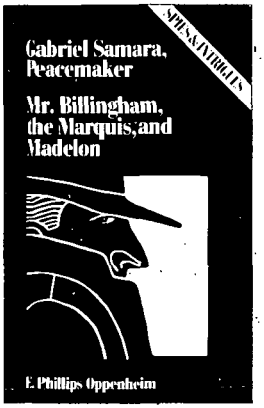

GABRIEL SAMARA, PEACEMAKER/ MR. BILLINGHAM, THE MARQUIS, AND MADELON, by E. Philips Oppenheim. Leete's Iland Books, 1984. Trade PB, 441 pp.

Here are two more novels by "the prince of storytellers." These were originally published in 1920 and 1924, and, like the ones I reviewed previously, have a very curious flavor, and many unfamiliar little turns of style that may cause the modern reader to hesitate before continuing.

Gabriel Samara, Peacemaker, like **The Wrath To Come,** is set a number of years in the future from the time it was written. No date is given, but from internal references, 1940 would be a good guess. It precedes **The Wrath To Come,** and sets the stage for the political events of that book.

The cover claims this book to be in the field of "Spies and Intrigues." While there are definitely intrigues, there are few spies; it fits more into the category of philosophy. This novel is actually about Character, both that of Gabriel Samara and of his secretary/confidante, Catherine Borans, and about the fruits of idealism and self-sacrifice.

Samara is an idealist and reformer who has guided his country, Russia, into a period of prosperity after the overthrow of the Communist government. He finds, however, that the populace of the country, while not ungrateful, have fully forgotten the lessons of the past. They want to return to the monarchy, and this desire is encouraged by the surviving members of the royal family.

My biggest problem with the book is that as the characters move from country to country, I feel no difference between the societies: all countries are the same. However, there is something about this novel that sticks in the mind. I find myself recommending it, with reservations, although partway through I thought that I would not.

I have no reservations whatever about my feelings for the second "novel" in the book, **Mr. Billingham, The Marquis, And Madelon:** It is utterly without redeeming value. In the first chapter, we meet the main character, the "gentleman criminal," Billingham, and his two companions. They rob someone who well deserves it. The following "chapters" are unconnected short stories involving

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the same three uninteresting characters. Even if you get the book for the first novel, don't waste your time with this.

ABOUT FILMS

A falcon drops from the sky and suddenly swoops on an unsuspecting prey. A goldfish, its bowl accidentally shattered, is casually tossed into a tank of larger fish; a flash of motion and the goldfish is gone. These two brief scenes from John Schlesinger's adaptation of Robert Lindsey's real-life-spy book, THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN, reflect in miniature a major theme of the entire film: how easy it is to get in over one's head, and how massive the consequences can be.

Christopher Boyce (played by Timothy Hutton) and Daulton Lee (Sean Penn) are examples of the American Dream gone sour. Coming from well-to-do, conservative, Catholic families, they have the respect of their community and unlimited prospects, but growing up in the early '70s exposes fatal flaws in each man's character. Boyce drops out of training for the priesthood, and is given a job due to favors owed his father, a former FBI agent well played by Pat Hingle. Promotion to a sensitive position involving classified information soon follows, and Boyce is exposed to the real world. He not only finds conflicts between his ideals and the practices of the American intelligence community, but also a dramatic vehicle to express his displeasure.

He recruits his old friend, Lee, by now a small time drug dealer and hustler (hence the nickname "Snowman") as a courier, and proceeds to peddle the secrets — so easily obtained in the "Black Vault" — to the Soviet Union. The scheme soon falls apart because

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of Lee's well-dramatized, increasingly heavy drug problem. Now Boyce, the Falcon, must deal first with the bird of prey who swoops on him, a very professional KGB agent (David Suchet), and then with the forces of American justice.

We are shown that at least some of the information that Boyce passes to the Soviets is fictitious or obsolete. Boyce attempts to portray it all as being so. Whether it was, or whether Boyce had a change of heart when he realized what he had gotten into, is not known. In fact, there are indications that Boyce himself was not completely aware of his own motivations. Even so, the film provides a look inside the mind of a man who did serious damage to his country. It is well worth seeing. Highly recommended.

ABOUT OTHER THINGS...

Old Armies Rise Again

Nathan Bedford Forrest, Wellington, and the Battle of Rorke's Rift are some of the topics covered in a new magazine called Military History, a bi-monthly from the Empire Press of Virginia.

For the aficionado of the "war because..." school, Military History will fill the gap between the general history and fact-lean military writings of other magazines.

It features editorial departments such as "Personality," "Weaponry," "Travel," and "Espionage." Its full-length articles do not reach beyond the scope of their space, but cover their topics with enough depth to allow an understanding of the broader themes, as well as the pertinent historical events.

Slick paper, sufficient illustrations and cleanly edited: It's available from Military History, POB 2309, Reston, VA 22090.

U.S.S.R. Cheats

William E. Colby, former director of the C.I.A., was recently interviewed by Phil Moss for U.S.A. TODAY. In response to the question,

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"Can the Soviets be trusted at all," Colby said:

"I have no trust in the Soviet Union. In 1962, the foreign minister of the Soviet Union (Andrei Gromyko), who is still the foreign minister, lied directly to President Kennedy when he assured him that he was not going to put any offensive nuclear missiles into Cuba. He said that at the very time he was doing it. I think we can watch the Soviet Union; we can tell through our own devices whether they will be complying with an agreement we reach between us or whether they'll be cheating on it."

Spies On B'way

Patrick McGoohan played semi-retired spy #6 in the "The Prisoner" television series in the '60s. Now he's an MI5 agent in a Broadway play called Pack of Lies.

The play is based on a real-life incident that occurred in London in 1961. Morris and Lona Cohen, using the KGB-supplied names of Peter and Helen Kroger, were sending British anti-submarine secrets to Moscow from their London house. Their neighbors were the Searches, and the two couples were best friends.

British intelligence learned of the security leak and zeroed in on the Krogers. They set up a surveillance team in the Search house, telling them only that there was a suspected spy in the area. In time, the Searches learned that their best friends were the targets of MI5's attentions.

The play's central drama is about the Searches coming to grips with their overwhelming disillusion re their "friends," by whom they ultimately felt betrayed.

The Krogers were eventually arrested, and they are now living in their native Poland. Mrs. Search still lives in the same London house, within which so much of the real-life drama — on which this play is based — was played out.

Right or Wrong?

Is the F.B.I. back in the political espionage business? No one can say for sure, but the F.B.I. is investigating groups sympathetic to Nicaragua's government, and anyone who comes into contact with those groups.

Under the law covering such surveillance, the F.B.I. must reasonably suspect that their targets are criminals, spies, or potential spies, and most informed opinion is that F.B.I. Director Webster hews to the letter of the law.

The critics of the current F.B.I. sleuthing contend that the F.B.I. is overstepping its authority and investigating legitimate critics of U.S. foreign policy in Central America.

In one example, a man in New York found himself under F.B.I. investigation after he'd phoned an ex-priest, who was duly registered with the Justice Department as an agent for Nicaragua.

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People:

Can you send me your first book and info about a subscription? Also, can you send me a picture or drawing of the knife that killed Christine Skarbek in the story on pages 119-123, December 1984 issue?

Thanks
Richard Drabik
Oklahoma

Dear Richard Drabik,

Espionage magazine passed on to me your inquiry about the dagger used in the slaying of Christine Skarbeck and I am happy to pass on the following information to you and some photocopies showing some examples of this dagger in its varied form.

Good luck!...and please keep buying the magazine!...

On June 4, 1940, Winston Churchill wrote to General Ismay of the War Secretariat recommending the introduction of the Commandos, no doubt remembering his own experiences in the South African war with the original Boers of that ilk.

One standard item of equipment

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was to be a special fighting dagger. The Wilkinson Sword Company, a famous firm of Sheffield cutlers, already had at the time an excellent hunting knife and this was used unofficially by Commandos in the early stages, together with the German World War One nahkampmesser, or trench knife, usually made of Solingen steel by the firm of Puma, and far superior to most of the so-called survival knives now flooding world markets today.

But both these knives had a drawback; they were designed to slash and not stab...

However, there were two experts around to help; Captains W.E. Fairbairn and E.A. Sykes, formerly of the Shanghai International Police, and well versed in Triad and Tong knife-wielding tactics.

They talked to Wilkinsons, who produced a prototype stiletto with a 7½ inch razor-sharp blade, double-edged, of diamond-shape cross-section, tapering to a needle point and with an unbreakable brass hilt. It was exactly what the Commandos wanted — designed purely for killing — and it did the job extremely well.

Its unique diamond section had the same effect on a victim as the old British cavalry lance-tip, inflicting an "open" wound almost impossible to heal so that if death did not occur immediately, hemorrhage soon brought it.

It remains today, with some minor modifications, the perfect fighting knife.

Many imitations are in circulation today but a collector is advised to get a copy of "Fighting Knives," by Frederick Stephens, Fortress Publications Inc., P.O. Box 241, Stoney Creek, Ontario, L8G 3XP.

Sincerely
Richard Walton

Mr. Volkmann concluded his article, "The Intelligence Process," in the third issue of ESPIONAGE, and I would like to make a point for the "highly centralized intelligence agencies."

Mr. Volkmann goes to length to say that today's agencies are no better at predictions than their pre-WW II counterparts. He uses the Graf Spee-Kiev example to show that methods are the same, technology has changed, but the results are roughly equal.

The inbred problem with any assessment of intelligence agencies is that there is never enough hard information upon which one could make a reasonable estimate of effectiveness. If a writer knew all there was to know about the workings

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and predilections of the MI-6, CIA, MOSSAD, or KGB, those agencies wouldn't be doing their job.

The best case a writer can present is similar to that of a doctor diagnosing a patient at 50 yards, the doctor gagged so as not to ask questions, and the patient clothed in a bulky choir robe with a hood.

Finally, with regard to the nature of these agencies, each is a servant to a political leadership. Even the best leadership will let the intelligence community take the fall for a bad political decision. For instance, if the CIA's initiatives in Central America fail, the Reagan Administration can blame it upon the Carter Administration's supposed hobbling of the CIA.

In fact, shortly after the Falkland's War, Bobby Imman, former Director of NSA, wrote that the Argentine invasion wasn't an intelligence failure by the CIA or MI-6. He reports that the CIA warned P.M. Thatcher that the Argentine invasion was imminent. Imman argued that an unpopular Thatcher government, battling unemployment and a stagnant economy, was looking forward to the next general election, and "allowed" the invasion to take place in order to unite the people behind the government and boost the government's popularity in the polls behind the Union Jack steaming off to defend the Empire.

If that seems a bit callous, a tri-

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file un-British, well, Thatcher was returned to Parliament with a sizeable majority after elections were called on the heels of the British invasion of the Malvinas. Perhaps, political wisdom surmised that the Argentines would fold after minimal military interaction with the British Navy. So much for political wisdom.

In sum, Mr. Volkmann articulated his views well, but that doesn't mean that they are fair.

M.M. Miller

I read your first two issues of ESPIONAGE and I liked them, but I wish you would deal more with the truth. My husband says that the FBI, the CIA, the OSS, and all the other intelligence agencies we have are riddled through with KGB spies and spies from other countries, too. Now, how can we really have good spy systems, the way your stories say we do, if we can't even find and keep out of those systems the people we're trying to catch.

I think it's a disgrace that this goes on. And I also think those Americans who have recently been caught and accused of being spies for foreign powers are probably real foreign agents rather than Americans, provable if only our government wanted to dig deep enough. I don't think our government wants to admit that this is true — presuming they have already made full investigations about their backgrounds — but my husband and I think it's the truth.

J.R. Perkins
Georgia

I am absolutely thrilled with your material. Your selections are so superior to similar magazines on the market that reading ESPIONAGE can be compared to reading anthologies of the best in espionage writing.

Congratulations on your high standards, and for doing a beautiful job.

E.J. Neely
California

I would like to tell you that the premiere issue of the magazine ESPIONAGE was very good. Every story exciting. I have the February 1985 issue of ESPIONAGE and look forward to reading it soon.

Keep up the good work. ESPIONAGE is the best magazine of spy stories I have come across in years.

Tom Croswell
Bend, Oregon

Congratulations. Your premiere issue of ESPIONAGE magazine was a delight. As a spy buff, I'm thrilled

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to find a magazine devoted to international intrigue; it's so much more interesting than commonplace murder mysteries. You've definitely filled a void.

K.T. Anders
New York, NY

Congratulations, and best of luck with your new magazine ESPIONAGE. I think it's a wonderful idea. I've always loved spy stories — long before James Bond showed upon the scene (and screen).

A.A. Calamari
New York

I have been watching my bookstores for your new magazine. I found your magazine at a bookstore. It was volume one, number two, February 1985. I have read your new magazine from cover to cover and enjoyed it very much. I would like very much to get a copy of your very first issue. Please send me any information on how I am to get one.

Keep up the good work and I'm looking forward to many future issues.

Tom Callahan
San Diego, CA

Thanks, Mr. Callahan. You can get a copy of our first issue by sending $2.50 (U.S. funds) to ESPIONAGE Magazine, P.O. Box 1184, Teaneck, NJ 07666.

Editor

Dear Editor,

I must congratulate you and your staff on undertaking the publication of such a wonderful magazine. I have long been an avid reader of non-mainstream literature, but am new to the field of spy/adventure fiction. Previously I had only read works by Robert Ludlum and John Le Carre. I must admit, though, that when I espied your magazine in a local bookstore, I snapped it up instantly. Upon reading it (your first issue), I knew that I would not be able to miss another issue. I have loved each story immensely that I have turned to.

I have since bought February's issue, and now that I have, I have come to the conclusion that the spy/adventure short story is a superb length for telling some of the more adventuresome tales that would otherwise go untold. I do hope that you and your staff will continue to review the spy/adventure books coming out in print, but I would like to suggest that many of us new readers would be interested in knowing what past favorites you would consider worth reading. I may have a lot of catching up to do, but your magazine will definitely help me do so.

Craig O. Jones
Grand Juction, CO

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Publisher's Page

THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER DICTIONARY defines *espionage* as "the practice of spying," and *spying* as "to watch secretly usually for hostile purposes." It further defines a *spy* as "one who secretly tries to obtain information for his own country in the territory of an enemy country."

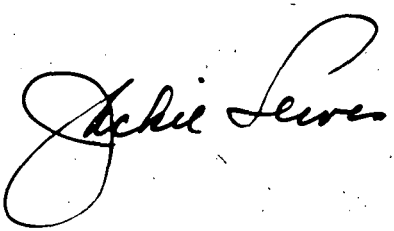
Interesting. If *espionage* was truly limited to these definitions, broad as they are, you and I would probably not be dealing with this magazine or the profusion of spy novels currently being sold and enjoyed by us all. *Espionage* would be a dull subject indeed.

Instead, we find it exciting, fantastic, entertaining and worthy of filling our precious leisure hours.

What would *espionage* be without infiltration, assassination, chases, man-hunts, sexual seduction, blackmail, treachery, exposure, three-piece suits, and cover-ups? Suppose we didn't have the James Bonds of this world about which to be concerned, or the Smileys; the international trade-off of intelligence secrets, agents, and banana republics? Suppose, as the dictionary mentioned above states — and all governments affirm — *espionage* was limited to intelligence gathering . . . it would be entirely cerebral, computerized, and colorless. Dull. Dull. Dull.

Aren't you glad that human beings can never leave a "good thing" alone but must by their nature elaborate, exaggerate, and expose? And if they didn't actually do it all in real life, writers would be doing it for them!

I'm so glad *our* writers are doing it for *us*!



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The Flawed Soothsayer – Will[illegible] General MacArthur's G-2

by Roger A. Beaumont

It has long bothered analysts of decision-making that in conditions of uncertainty, even those scientifically trained to weigh probabilities often mis-rate data and apply intuition in the face of logic. One of the most dramatic cases of this sort of mis-estimation by a senior intelligence officer, in American military history, is that of Major General Charles A. Willoughby, deputy chief-of-staff-for-intelligence to MacArthur, from just before the dark days of Bataan, in 1941-42, through his relief as Far East Supreme Commander in the spring of 1951. During that decade, Willoughby's record as an intelligence chief was uneven, including two crucial mis-estimates: the first, regarding the outbreak of the Korean War in June, 1950, and the sec-

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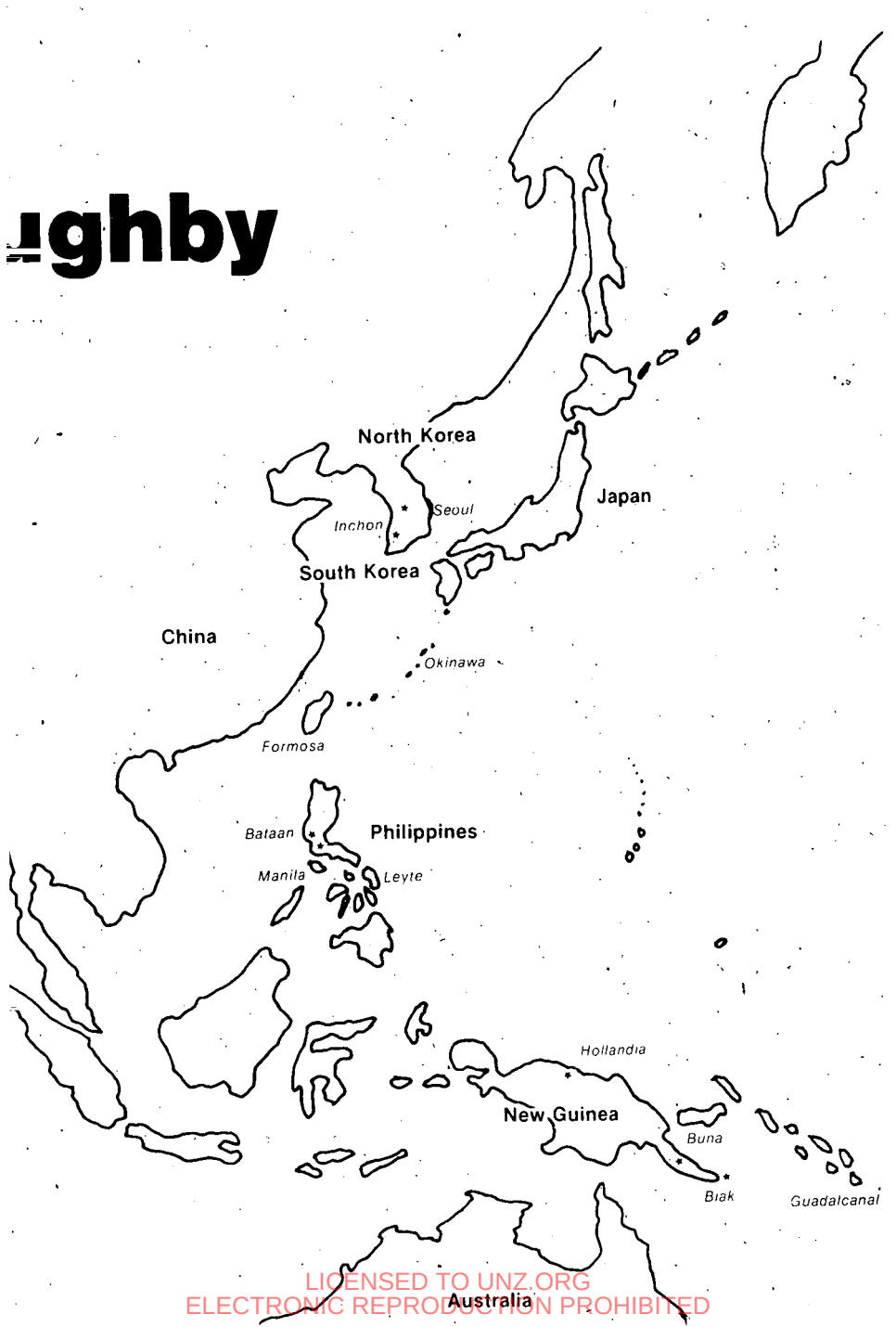

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ond, in respect to the forecast of major Chinese Communist intervention in October-November of that year.

Willoughby was seen by many observers of MacArthur's staff as an exotic. He was not a West Pointer; born in Germany in March 1892, as Adolf Charles Weidenback, he was apparently the son of a ropemaker. He claimed aristocratic origins, however, and took his name from that of his Anglo-Saxon mother (he is believed to be illegitimate). Exactly when he assumed the Anglicized name of Willoughby is not clear. America's top WWI flying "ace," Eddie Rickenbacker, indicated that when he had served with Willoughby in the flying school in France, near Issoudun in 1918, his name had still been Weidenbach.

Willoughby had come to the United States at the age of 18, in 1910, and enlisted in the Army for three years. He then took a bachelor's degree in one year from Pennsylvania College in 1914, and attended the University of Kansas in pursuit of a master's degree. Willoughby was commissioned on November 20, 1916, in the Organized Reserve Corps and served along the Mexican border during the Pershing Punitive Expedition. He then went to France and served with the U.S. First Division, apparently as an aviation instructor. Attaining Regular Army status after the war, he displayed considerable skill at writing during the 1920s and '30s, and it was his column in the *Army-Navy Journal* in the early 1920s that may have first brought him to MacArthur's attention.

During the '20s, Willoughby served as an attache in Bolivia, Colombia, and Ecuador, gaining visibility as a writer. He attended the advanced infantry course at Fort Benning in 1929, graduated from the Command and General Staff College in 1931, and from the Army War College in 1936. After the course at Leavenworth, Willoughby served as an instructor and chairman of the department of history there, and wrote several articles for *Military Review* developed from lectures, later expanded into a book, *Maneuver in War*. Maxwell Taylor (later Army Chief of Staff), while a student there in the mid-1930s, impressed Willoughby, who was serving as the librarian. Willoughby requested him as assistant, a career-stifling move which Taylor side-stepped. Willoughby also published in other service journals, including contemporary comments on the Franco-Spanish War against Rif rebels in Morocco in the mid-1920s, and on Latin America.

In his writings and utterances, Willoughby expressed sentiments not far from James

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Jones' portrayal of a U.S. army regular officer of fascist bent in the 1930s in *From Here to Eternity*. He openly admired the dictators Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, Franco, and Salazar. In writing on the Rif War in 1925, he called for an "iron front" of colonial powers against the rising tide of nationalism among subject peoples, stressing the importance of prestige as "an actual factor in colonial administration." In *Maneuver in War*, he deemed Franco a "great captain," defended Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia, and criticized the abolition of slavery in South Africa by Britain in the early 1800s. While Willoughby's influence on MacArthur cannot be easily appraised, it was considerable, and is interesting to note in light of a recent study which suggests that the basic reason behind MacArthur's dismissal by Truman was the General's direct diplomatic dealings with Spain's Franco and Portugal's Salazar, both of whom he admired, in his efforts to build support for a major war against Red China.

After an initial assignment on MacArthur's staff in 1940 as supply officer, possibly by name-request, Willoughby became intelligence chief, and also served as a liaison officer to President Manuel Quezon. Although they are reported to have corresponded in the 1920s, they probably did not meet until the late 1930s. A journalist later suggested Willoughby was linked to Francoist elements in the Philippines.

In considering Willoughby's record as MacArthur's intelligence analyst, it is essential to keep in focus MacArthur's complexity, and his oscillating between victory and disaster, a point of high drama in modern American military history. A principal lieutenant, Matthew B. Ridgway, later Army Chief of Staff, saw MacArthur as predisposed to self-destruction in the manner of George Armstrong Custer. In any event, MacArthur's penchant for drama, his stubbornness and lofty political ambition, are seen as major traits by both admirers and critics. In that sense, Willoughby was a kind of alter ego: John Gunther saw him as "gay, clever, irreverent and possessed of some remarkably parochial ideas" — a reference to the provincial outlook of Far East "hands," seeing their threats as pre-eminent during the Second World War. During the Second World War, for example, Willoughby saw a main threat in Asia stemming from "communists and British imperialists," and during the Korean War, stressed the menace of "imperialist-Mongoloid-pan-Slavism under the guise of Communism." MacArthur's definitive biographer, D. Clayton James,

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has characterized Willoughby, who was six foot three inches tall, and who weighed about 220 pounds, as an unstable personality, both hot-tempered and brooding. James has also pointed out that while he did not get along well personally with other members of the MacArthur staff, Willoughby was the only one of the "Bataan gang" who stayed with MacArthur all the way through from 1941 to '51. James' view conforms with other perspectives.

Willoughby's performance as MacArthur's intelligence chief underlines the fact that, after all, it is people that are involved in the command process, and that they are, as General Ridgway said of MacArthur, "all too human." If one constructed a table of his estimates of the main operations of MacArthur's command in the Southwest Pacific, the Philippines, and in Korea, one could award Willoughby a fair batting-average, but certainly not more than a .500. The pattern of failures intermingled with success raises important questions: first, what is a reasonable "batting average" in intelligence estimating, and, second, how much do loyalty, deference and compatibility weigh in the balance against competency in the selection of intelligence principals?

Exactly how Willoughby came into MacArthur's command is not clear. Claire Booth Luce's biographer indicated that Willoughby had been serving on the staff of General Grunert, MacArthur's predecessor, and that Mrs. Luce, after being favorably impressed by Willoughby in private conversation, had suggested to MacArthur in the fall of 1941 that he retain him as his G-2. In any case, Willoughby faced his first ordeals as an intelligence estimator in late 1941, on the eve of the great Japanese offensive in the Pacific. The attack against the U.S. fleet and air forces on Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands came on December 7, 1941. A major air assault against the Philippines came a day later, as Japanese bombers devastated MacArthur's Far Eastern Air Forces. It was, unhappily, only the first in a series of military disasters in the Philippines. By late March, 1942, the starving U.S. forces on Bataan were the only Allied force standing against the Japanese tide. MacArthur was ordered by President Roosevelt to leave the Philippines in late March of 1942 to establish a new command in Australia. U.S. forces in the Philippines surrendered in early May.

During the Philippines campaign, Willoughby, as intelligence officer, had misestimated the situation more than

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TAKE
A NEWLOOK

AT THE
PHENOMENA
OF LIFE.
THE GOOD,
BAD, BEAUTIFUL
AND UGLY.
THE NATURAL,
UNNATURAL,
AND
SUPERNATURAL
THE HEROIC
AND VILLAINOU
THE
ADVENTUROUS
BIZARRE,
GLAMOROUS,
AND THE
SENSATIONALLY
SEXY.

NEWLOOK

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once. He had originally predicted the Japanese would land about 28 December; they came ashore on December 22, in Lingayen Gulf, meeting the expectations of a generation of U.S. Army and Navy planners. MacArthur responded sluggishly to that invasion, apparently failing to comprehend that his much-prized Filipino militia army had disintegrated on first contact with the enemy.

Another major error on MacArthur's part was failing to shift the large food stocks east of Manila to the Bataan peninsula after it was clear that the Japanese were ashore in strength. Some of his subordinates urged him to do so, but Willoughby was the most active of his staff in urging MacArthur to delay moving the food. As a result, the troops fought almost five months on starvation rations. In any event, MacArthur took Willoughby to Australia to serve as his G-2 for the rest of the war, and, as it turned out, for the rest of his career.

In Australia, Willoughby oversaw several types of intelligence activity. In addition to directing collection and military intelligence estimates, he ran a network of guerrilla bands, agents, saboteurs, and informants in the Philippines. It was no mean achievement, and Willoughby's linguistic skills were an advantage. However, both MacArthur and Willoughby blocked the building of a network of Office of Strategic Services agents in their area. Commanded by Brigadier-General William Donovan, the O.S.S. was a predecessor agency to the CIA. This exercise in turf-guarding, as will be seen, paid disastrous long-term dividends.

Willoughby's record in making major estimates was uneven throughout the rest of the Pacific War. In late 1942, as forces under MacArthur's command began operations against the Japanese in New Guinea, Willoughby rated as very low the possibility of an 8,000 man force under General Horii at Buna-Gona on the north coast crossing the Owen Stanley Mountains. Rather, he saw their presence as a move aimed at seizing and holding airfields. Even as the Japanese moved sizeable forces onto the Kokoda trail and pushed south, Willoughby discounted "an overland movement in strength" in view of the rough terrain. However, soon afterward, after Australian forces had blocked the Japanese force, and the U.S. 32nd Infantry Division pushed it back across the Owen Stanleys, estimates made at division level foresaw an impending pushover in November 1942. At that point, Willoughby rejected those optimistic expectations, predicting the possibility of heavy fighting against sizeable

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Japanese forces — and was proven correct.

Back on the other tack, Willoughby came under heavy attack from the Marine Corps in the Guadalcanal campaign. General Vandegrift, the commander in the first phase of that operation, charged Willoughby with having improperly routed a set of aerial vital photographs requested by the Marine Corps as they undertook operations on the edge of MacArthur's Southwest Pacific area. In any case, they never arrived. But soon afterward, Willoughby carried off a major coup when he made an extremely accurate prediction, forecasting that a major Japanese convoy would sail to reinforce units in New Guinea during the first week in March, proceeding from Rabaul, the major Japanese base in the region at that time. It led to a successful American strategic ambush, the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, 2-4 March, 1943, which frustrated Japanese designs as U.S. air units inflicted heavy loss on their convoy, forcing the survivors to turn back. However, accounts of the attack emanating from MacArthur's headquarters were substantially inflated in press and after-action reports, which led to an ongoing controversy over actual Japanese losses that lasted well into the 1950s, and which saw the numbers substantially reduced.

Soon afterward, the wind shifted yet again: in June 1943, Willoughby underestimated Japanese forces on the island of Biak, a misappreciation which caused unexpectedly heavy casualties, and slowed the pace of MacArthur's strategic advance in the Southwest Pacific. Another major miscalculation of enemy strength came in September 1943, when the 9th Australian Division attacked north of Finschafen; 5000 Japanese were encountered, instead of the approximately 300 indicated by Willoughby.

Willoughby's prognosticatory performance continued to fluctuate in early 1944. His projection of Japanese forces in the Admiralties during the Los Negros landing proved far and away the closest of several estimates made at various command levels at that time. In the operations against Hollandia, however, perhaps in an attempt to correct for the Finschafen estimate, Willoughby predicted sizeable and tough Japanese forces, but, in fact, only about 2,000 Japanese support troops were found in the area. Later on in the year, he made a close guess of Japanese troop strength employed against MacArthur's forces as they landed at Lingayen Gulf on Luzon at the second stage of the major operation in the Philippines — although a substantial

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underestimate had been made in the first phase of the reconquest of the Philippines, the landing on Leyte in the fall of 1944. The uneven pattern continued when he massively underrated the overall strength of General Yamashita's forces on Luzon, forecasting 152,500 versus an actual strength of 275,000. Subordinate commands were improving; Walter Krueger's Sixth Army intelligence officer estimated 234,500.

After the Second World War, Willoughby continued to serve as MacArthur's G-2, all the way through to the Supreme Commander's relief in Japan in April, 1951. During the first phase of the occupation, critics saw Willoughby as "the second most powerful American in Japan." He ran the Counter-Intelligence Corps in Japan, and directed much of its effort toward the identification and suppression of the Communist party in Japan. Willoughby also attempted to outlaw the Communist Party at the time of the framing of the Japanese Constitution, a move opposed by Japan's first postwar premier, Shigeru Yoshida.

Establishing a rough working knowledge of Japanese (unusual among the American proconsuls), Willoughby was in continual tension with MacArthur's chief-of-staff, Courtney Whitney. The fact the latter had replaced Richard Sutherland, and was therefore not of the Bataan gang, was an initial disadvantage. The seniority of Whitney's position and a rather more steady mien and style gave him, over time, a leverage point with which to undercut Willoughby's links with the Supreme Commander. Observers agreed that by the time of the Korean War, Whitney had won out. It was general knowledge that the two men roundly detested each other. One of their biggest tussles came early in the occupation in respect to the purge of the Japanese government of war leaders in 1946. Willoughby opposed it, Whitney wanted it, and MacArthur backed Whitney. Whitney was reported to have said that if Willoughby's standards were imposed across the board, the result would be a government of "interpreters and mistresses." That Willoughby was able to gain some exceptions has already been noted. When the occupation authorities moved slowly on seeking the repatriation of Japanese PWs in Siberia, it seemed to some that it was strategem aimed at fanning strong anti-Soviet attitudes in a large portion of the Japanese population.

In 1948, as in 1944, Willoughby assisted in MacArthur's efforts to gain the Republican presidential nomination, hopes

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which foundered when the Supreme Commander did poorly in the open primary in his official home state of Wisconsin. Willoughby also kept a hand in, in respect to literary activities. A three-volume official history of MacArthur's World War II campaigns in the Pacific was also in process under Willoughby's supervision. While apparently completed to the level of page-proofs, the fact that the study could not be published without official review apparently led to its demise. In view of his publishing of a history of the Sorge spy ring in 1952, entitled *The Shanghai Conspiracy*, laced with other themes, including innuendo and diatribe aimed at what Willoughby deemed as American Communist intelligence activities, the project was probably in preparation before the Korean War.

In spite of his literary and journalistic predilection, Willoughby had assumed the role of censor with gusto, and made heavy-handed attempts to intimidate reporters whom he identified as unsympathetic to MacArthur or subversive. The producer of a film tracing the causes of the war and its disasters to the *zaibatsu* and the Emperor had its showing blocked by Willoughby, and its producer claimed he was intimidated and roughed up by "professional killers." Willoughby's harassment of reporters through law enforcement and intelligence channels was in keeping with his view that all criticisms of the occupation were "unjustified," which he stated at the time, and he and two military policemen physically stopped the presses of the *Nippon Times* when it reprinted a mildly critical editorial.

The purge of former war leaders also reflected an uneven standard of justice in respect to wartime activities. Former Premier Tojo's secretary, a major naval planner, and a group of fifteen former senior officers were employed by the occupation, the latter group ostensibly to draft a Japanese war history, but actually working on intelligence related to the USSR. The fact that the Japanese had tried to build an atomic bomb was suppressed, and their experimental facilities had been quickly demolished as the occupation began. Willoughby appears to have been involved in a particularly sordid episode in respect to suppression of information in the obtaining of Japanese biological warfare data for U.S. chemical warfare development, data gathered from the agony of captives in a secret experimental center in Manchuria from 1930 to 1945. The price for this grisly information, later deemed "invaluable" by U.S. biological warfare specialists, was amnesty for Japanese of-

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ficials involved in this affair, in which Willoughby gave "wholehearted co-operation." The revelation of this activity throws into somewhat bolder relief the reports of Willoughby's having destroyed much data in Japan, blocking activities of the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps in the first days of the occupation of Japan, before turning the CIC, under his control, to the pursuit of Japanese left-wing elements. Willoughby was also involved with other agencies in assembling the list of over 300,000 Japanese prisoners of war in Russian camps.

It is not surprising that the press focused closely on the flamboyant Willoughby, his stature, his German accent, and his arrogance, and that ultimately he came to be seen as an exotic and sinister presence in a flawed command. It was not an unjust circumstance; when the Korean War broke out in June, 1950, chickens hatched long earlier came home to roost, the product of his and MacArthur's blocking of O.S.S. (disbanded in 1945) and, then, the Central Intelligence Agency's activities in their bailiwick. George Kennan, who worked hard while a senior State Department official to reduce the aggressive paternalism of the occupation regime, observed that "Washington did not loom very large on the horizons of that highly self-centered occupational command."

Even before the war, Willoughby's branch had generated a daily intelligence summary which usually ran to about 40 or 50 pages. Elements of information pointing to an impending major North Korean military attack against South Korea could be found later in those documents, as Willoughby, Whitney and MacArthur suggested in their memoirs with marked parallelism. But at the time, Willoughby had made major judgments — and they were wrong. As Army official historian James Schnabel noted:

> signs which marked the prelude of the North Korean attack had become accepted as routine Communistic activity. The increased troop movement and activity in the spring of 1950 followed a pattern established by the Communists in 1947 when they initiated an annual rotation of completely equipped units from the 38th parallel which divided North and South Korea.

Schnabel also noted that Willoughby later tried to gloss over the fact that he had relegated much data pointing to the attack to routine handling.

The failure of the Central Intelligence Agency (founded in 1947), at that time still new and

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small, and far short of its later size and quality, to predict the attack in Korea in 1950, led to a major shakeup. It was found that, while Willoughby later claimed a close rapport with the CIA as brethren in intelligence, the Far East Command, like the Southwest Pacific command in World War II, had kept "outsiders" — i.e., those directed from the United States — intelligence activities off its turf. General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff at Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force during World War II and then Ambassador to the Soviet Union, was put in charge of the CIA, and proved a very active new broom. One of his first orders of business was to examine the situation in the Far East. Upon determining that MacArthur and his staff had blocked development of an effective Central Intelligence Agency network there, he paid a call on the Supreme Commander in the Far East and remedied that situation expeditiously.

In the weeks following the North Korean attack on June 25, 1950, the situation in South Korea did not improve noticeably, in spite of the commitment of American troops at MacArthur's urging. After several setbacks and withdrawals, a grinding battle developed around the southeastern port of Pusan, where the U.S. commander, Walton Walker, orchestrated American, Korean, and British Commonwealth forces inside a thinly held perimeter. American superiority in communications, air power and mechanization offset superior North Korean manpower, but not easily. Walker's force, about 3½ divisions strong, was surrounded by almost 15 North Korean divisions by the late summer of 1950. In the meantime, MacArthur argued vehemently with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, presenting a plan for a major strategic surprise. He proposed landing two divisions, one Marine, one Army — over half of the latter comprised of Koreans — at Inchon, on the west coast, the port city of the South Korean capital of Seoul. Most of the main roads and railways feeding the North Koreans ran close to Inchon.

The Army Chief of Staff, J. Lawton Collins, and the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Forrest Sherman, paid a visit to MacArthur to gain a better feel for the situation, and returned to Washington to confer with the Joint Chiefs of Staff about the controversial plan — generating further debate about what MacArthur admitted was a very risky operation. Inchon had no open beach, but high sea walls that would have to be climbed with long ladders. Tidal conditions were dangerous, and there

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were only two days a month when the operation was feasible. If defenses, especially the forts in the harbor, were manned, it would be a bloodbath. Collins was skeptical, Sherman a bit less so. The decision was finally passed up to the Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, who supported MacArthur. In this case, Willoughby's estimate of relatively weak North Korean forces in the Inchon area, contrary to many other analyses, proved correct. MacArthur's — and Willoughby's — somewhat faded stars shone brightly when Inchon proved a master stroke in the short run. MacArthur correctly anticipated that lack of close Soviet control of operations around Pusan, and the tactical rigidity and limited command skills of North Korean generals would produce dithering and fragmentation of their forces, if their lines of communication were threatened.

On September 15, 1950, the Inchon landing went off with relative ease, and the landing force soon marched on Seoul. At the same time, over 70% of the North Korean forces around Pusan were killed, captured, wounded or routed in the next few weeks, as Walker's reinforced 8th Army broke out of the Perimeter, and moved north to join the Inchon thrust. The victories produced an embarrassment of riches. First, President Truman, and then, the United Nations General Assembly formally authorized MacArthur to move north into North Korea as far as the Yalu River, the boundary of Manchuria; in the northeast, North Korea touched the Soviet Union itself, and tight rules of engagement were imposed to avoid "incidents."

The foreign minister of Red China, Chou En-Lai, stated strongly in early October that his government would not tolerate the invasion of North Korea. Willoughby and MacArthur saw this as a probable case of "diplomatic blackmail." Although both his concern and his estimates regarding Chinese intervention mounted in early October, when some Chinese troops were captured in north central Korea, Willoughby's estimates shifted away from possible Chinese intervention after MacArthur and President Truman conferred at Wake Island in mid-October, in a controversial meeting described in far different terms by participants than in popular accounts a generation later. MacArthur, according to conference notes, to which he did not dissent when they were forwarded to him for comment, indicted that "we are no longer fearful of their (Chinese) intervention."

Over the next month, Willoughby's view of the threat oscillated. On the eve of the ma-

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jor Chinese attack, he massively underestimated the Chinese forces actually in North Korea, which were around 300,000 troops. Willoughby guessed them to be between 80 and 90,000 and concluded that most of their forces were deployed north of the Yalu, and that signs pointed to defense and withdrawal. In this particular affair, the suggestion that Willoughby often told MacArthur "whatever MacArthur wanted to hear" is a source of concern, especially since at the time of the Wake Island conference, Willoughby had placed Chinese intervention first on his list of probabilities.

Ironically, Willoughby saw Chinese intervention as likely in late August, even before Inchon and the subsequent push north of the 38th Parallel. By early November, however, his perspective had changed to adamant resistance to the idea that major Chinese units were in North Korea. Whether that shift was a product of momentum born of statements made by MacArthur at Wake Island suggesting Chinese threats were essentially blackmail, and therefore a form of self-programming and shaping of incoming data, is not clear. The affair is more than academically interesting in view of recent concern that intelligence analysis is often consciously or inadvertently bent to meet desires of those in authority.

Certainly Willoughby was not operating in a vacuum. The weak CIA structure in the Far East, a product of MacArthur's — and Willoughby's — aversion to outside authority within his domain, meant that his intelligence system was still the main one in the Far East. Moreover, Willoughby's call on Inchon had been right in the face of other estimates, and he was the senior theater intelligence officer, the primary advisor to a victorious general, who had also been proven right in the face of skepticism on the part of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

In considering these events, it should be kept in mind that the doctrine of the United States Army — as in most other armies — is that a commander is responsible for whatever transpires under his command. For that reason, several students of the situation have blamed the debacles of 1950 on MacArthur. At the same time, it should also be noted that MacArthur was ferociously, if not blindly, loyal to subordinates who were loyal to him, and particularly those who served with him during the dark days of World War II. Nevertheless, intelligence estimates from Willoughby were also going directly to Washington; the Army Chief of Staff of that period, J. Lawton Collins, later noted how those reports fol-

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lowed a curious cycle of optimism and pessimism. All of this suggests that in MacArthur's view loyalty was more important than proficiency, at least in the case of the last senior member of the "Bataan gang" on his staff. Clearly, Willoughby's "track record" was uneven. That may have been — and may be — a reflection of the fact that intelligence estimation is a not fully rationalized process. In view of that fact, one might have expected MacArthur, who knew of Willoughby's on-and-off record, to moderate the estimates, weigh alternatives, or to take his tired pitcher out of the game. It was not MacArthur's style, and it cost him dearly, as it had in other cases before. Such heartfelt loyalty would appear more admirable had not men's lives and national security also been at hazard.

After the Chinese attacked in North Korea in full strength in late November, the U.S. forces retreated south, some units overrun, the others harried as the winter joined the Chinese in adding misery. MacArthur now turned to the offensive politically and diplomatically, having been bested in battle. Excuses were sought and found, in the rules of engagement which limited attacks into Communist China, in inadequate appreciation of intelligence in Washington, and in British perfidy. Willoughby became a major spokesman as MacArthur attempted to raise ardor in the United States for an expanded war in Asia to throttle the infant power of Communist China, and give him one more chance to wipe away the stain of defeat.

However ready Willoughby was to attempt to block the flow of news generated by others, he steered very close to the boundaries of propriety himself in dealing with the media to sell MacArthur's new program. His speculative news conferences brought the attention of the President and Secretary of State to bear on the matter in December 1950; they ordered the conferences be stopped. A written report by Willoughby to a *New York Herald Tribune* editorial criticizing U.N. Command intelligence, sent through channels at the same time, was also blocked.

Willoughby's pedantry and tendency to pose and engage in diatribe had been his hallmark, and remained so. In the late 1950s, for example, he went out of his way to display his academic credentials in the best light, in responding to a historian's request for evidence of MacArthur's claim that he had drafted a rejection of Roosevelt's order to leave the Philippines, but had been then dissuaded by a group of associates, including Willoughby. Willoughby pointed

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out that he had been trained in methodology at the University of Kansas, and then through a convoluted train of logic, argued that MacArthur's statement needed no substantiation, since it constituted a ". . .*primary source*."

His credentials as a military intellectual tactician came into play from time to time. During the advance to the Yalu before Chinese intervention, he described the sprawled units of the U.N. command in Korea as a classic "action by separated forces off the enemy's axis of movement." When the first Chinese attacks came, Willoughby erupted with a caution that the enemy should not be allowed to turn Eighth Army's flank, a statement which S.L.A. Marshall characterized as "baffling." Willoughby's writings on tactics, which were laced, as already noted, with paeans of praise to Fascist leaders, had also got him into some difficulty when, during the 1946 purges, the Japanese press reprinted a pro-Mussolini quote from *Maneuver at War*.

When MacArthur was relieved in April, 1951, Willoughby, along with most of his entourage, fell from grace. At the time, John Gunther saw Willoughby's intelligence "blunders. . .as so monstrous. . .that it is wise to defer judgment until the whole story can be told." Willoughby retired in late 1951 and went his own way, after writing a memoir to tell the story his way. Nor did the U.S. Army official history of the Korean war and other histories lift the judgment of major intelligence failure. Ever the child of tumult and controversy, Willoughby returned to public view afterward from time to time. In late 1952 and early 1953, he went to Spain on the eve of controversial U.S. negotiations with the Franco government, attempting to become an intermediary between the American diplomats. He proclaimed Franco the "second greatest military commander in the world," and Spain the "cradle of supermen."

Unlike his Supreme Commander, Willoughby did not fade away all at once after the dashing of MacArthur's political hopes in the campaign of 1952, when Dwight Eisenhower, once a MacArthur aide, wrenched the crown from what his former boss believed was a sure grasp. In March, 1955, when documents were made public relating to the wartime conference of the Big Three at Yalta in the Crimea, Willoughby spoke out, suggesting that MacArthur had then pointed out that Russia's military power would not be needed to overcome Japan. MacArthur, however, stood back in the shadows, suggesting, rather, that he had not been con-

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sulted. In October, 1955, documents were published showing that MacArthur had been asked, and had approved the U.S. request to the Soviet Union for operations against Japan in support of impending Anglo-American landings in Japan.

Willoughby thereafter came into public view several times, supporting right-wing political causes and activities for the next decade. In 1957, he was a founding member of the "Citizens Foreign Relations Committee," which included former Generals Wedemeyer, Stratemeyer and the novelist John Dos Passos. In 1958, Willoughby testified before Congress to criticize Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" program. At the outset of the Vietnam War, in late 1965, he wrote to the *New York Times*, calling for a sharing of military burdens by America's allies, and suggesting an American "foreign legion . . . international brigade." In the early 1960s, he was named as one of several prominent American conservatives as a faculty member of the Christian Crusade Anti-Communist School in Tulsa.

Willoughby, more than any other of MacArthur's lieutenants, typified the chauvinism, insularity and xenophobia that characterized MacArthur's commands in the Pacific war and Korea. How much he fed his master's tendencies to paranoia, grandiosity and political intemperance, as opposed to merely playing back what flowed from the same, is not clear. Eichelberger, his fraternity brother, saw Willoughby as a skilled shaper of data to various ends, good and ill. If MacArthur was brilliant and complex, with marked strengths and marked flaws, Willoughby mirrored him in all of that. The great misfortune was that their cycles of arrogance and misjudgment, not always in phase, came together to shape a capstone of disaster which marked the end of both their careers.

Moving past the idiosyncratic aspects of style and politics, the plight of Willoughby as a senior intelligence analyst raises some interesting questions in respect to C^3I - command, control, communications, intelligence. This acronym is an offshoot of C^2 ("C squared") command-and-control, usually referring to tactical or noncommand networking and the integral command and staff processes, and of C^3 ("C cubed") command-control-communications, the realm of major nuclear war. The "I" was included to stress the need for "fusion" i.e., effective cross-communication between C^2/$_3$ elements to maintain as full and diverse a view in the intelligence gathering and exchange of data as possible.

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In World War II, Western theater commanders and high commands had unique access to much of the enemy's high priority radio traffic, a major advantage in the shaping of estimates and arraying of forces with maximum economy. Recently declassified documents reveal how detailed and current such information was in the Southwest Pacific area. Willoughby was, certainly, like many other senior commanders and staff officers, habituated to depending on such a flow of data in making estimates. As the "man on the spot" in Korea, the theater G-2, it would seem at this point that he had substantially less information, both in volume and quality from a foe who practiced a variant of *maskirovka* including radio silence, when preparing for major operations.

The obvious questions that arise from the case of Willoughby and MacArthur, therefore, are, first, the extent to which their transition from high density-high quality information to lower density and quality was a cause of the debacle of 1950-51, due to habituation. Secondly, several analysts have asked the question as to how much the breaking of ULTRA-MAGIC-PURPLE and other codes by the Allies gave them such an advantage that it offset deficiencies in force strength and quality substantially, and perhaps mediocre generalship as well. It may, therefore, be in the case of Korea, one can see something of what the advantage in decoding constituted, and what the dangers of depending too much on certain levels of C^3I advantage may yield. The final analysis of the operations of World War II in this light has not yet been done, and a comparison with Korea will await future declassification. It is, however, a hypothesis that C^3I designers, users and policymakers may wish to test further.

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DINNER IN THE UPPER LATITUDES

by Isak Romun

Hal Stevens and Jeffrey Travinside had just concluded some business, which involved the transfer of a fat envelope from the former to the latter, and Travinside was in an expansive mood. He kept Stevens at the Hotel Kawnbawza table, chatting on one topic and another as the faithful Singh stood off to the side ready to fulfill the wishes of either man.

At one point, Stevens, who had been showing signs of wilting under the evening heat, turned to Singh and asked, "Can I get a lemonade? This coffee isn't doing anything for me." As Singh departed, the rumpled Stevens said to Travinside, sitting unperturbed and *soigne*, "How

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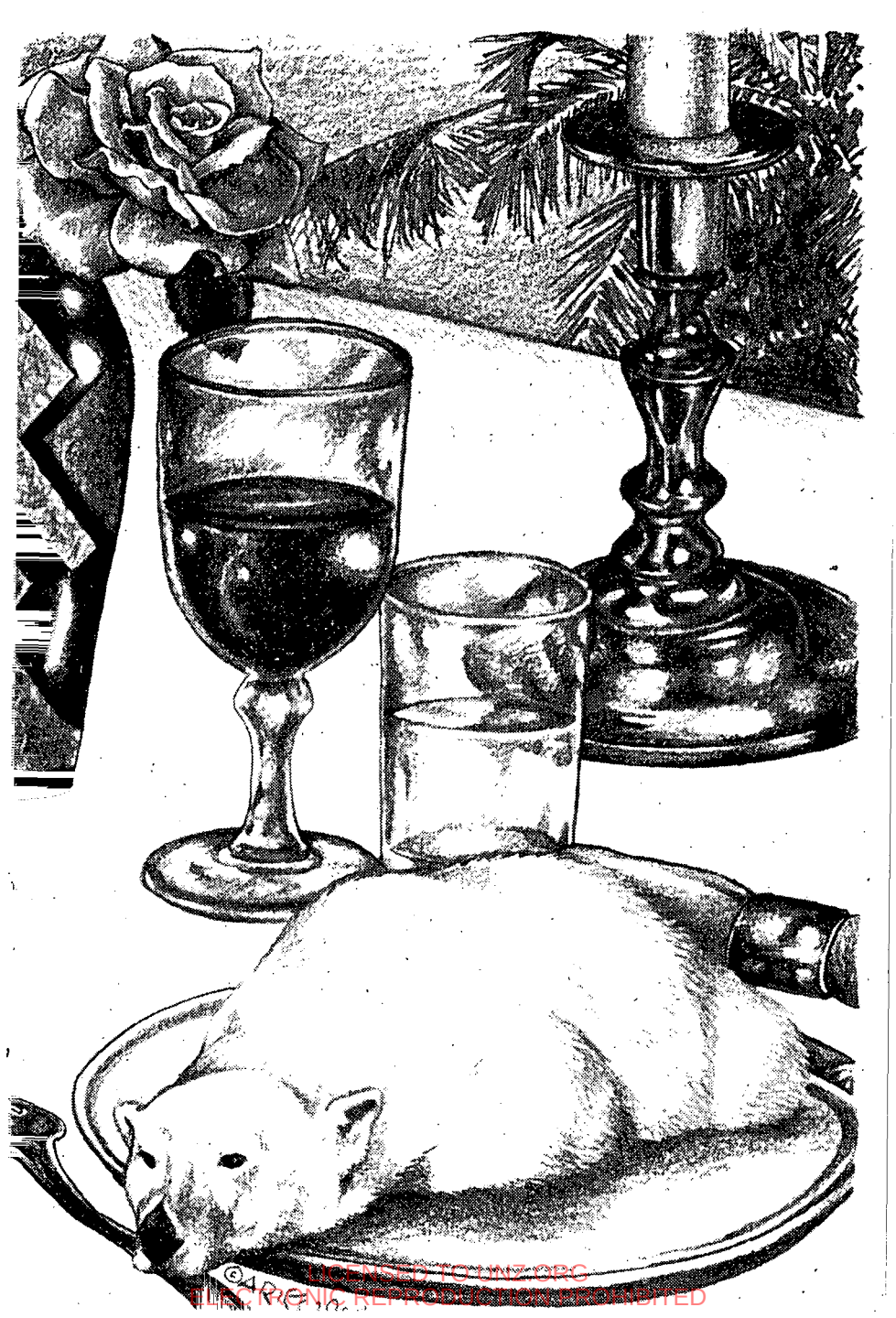

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do you stand it?"

"Stand what?"

"This heat. It was never meant for me."

"My dear chap, this climate is wonderful. If you'd been where I've been . . ." and Travinside proceeded to relate the details to the captive Stevens.

Yes (said Travinside), if you had been there you would jolly well fall to your knees and thank the resident *nats* for your extended tour in the steamy comfort of Burma.

You see, I had an assignment once that took me to the polar regions, the upper latitudes. I was to rendezvous, amidst the snow and gloom, with an agent who would turn over something to me your people apparently wanted very much. The interesting thing was that I was accompanied by my opposite number from the other side, who had orders identical to mine with one exception. A grisly adjunct to his was that he was to kill me before I reached the rendezvous. How I came about this information is another story, that I won't go into now. However, in that perfectly civilized manner that typifies the conduct of spies, I didn't tell him I knew, though I suspect he knew I knew. Instead, we got together, ostensibly to do some hunting, made possible by a personally sworn truce on the part of each of us, which he, in any case, never intended to keep.

Did all this worry me? Not at all! Spies are such egotists.

Why was I traveling with him in the first place? How could I not, their intelligence being what it is? I'm sure the other side subscribes regularly to your *Time* and *Newsweek*. And I would rather have him with me than stalking me from behind. Besides, I'm afraid your people, in their naivete, thought of the whole thing in terms of money and sweet reason. They assumed, quite correctly, that they could outbid the Russkies. Given this truth, though, the Russkies were not going to invest more than they had to when the simple expedient of a death in the snow would allow them to get what they wanted on the cheap.

So, my business, according to those dear boys, your colleagues with fat pocketbooks and heads to match,

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was to travel with this Red agent, thwart any attempt on my life, and, once at the rendezvous, dazzle the contact with the rightness of your cause and your almost bottomless barrows of money.

Who was the other chap, my *soi-disant* killer? It was Kervoba. You remember him...he was the fellow who ate onions as if they were apples and made a point of telling you of his love for them face to face.

Anyway, we started out in high spirits. Well, what were high spirits for Kervoba. You'll recall he was a contrary brute and he didn't modify his behavior appreciably on this assignment, despite the old-buddy arrangement that was supposed to have brought us together for this little hunting expedition.

Now I tell you, Stevens, I loathe hunting — of the sort in which innocent beasts are involved. But I entered into the play and fired away at anything moving just as Kervoba did — all the while keeping an eye on my companion's rifle muzzle to make certain it was pointed, as you would say, down range.

We would be going through bear country. I had heard the meat of the great white bear was quite delicious and declared that I wished to bag one. To make it all the more interesting, I wagered with Kervoba on whose shot would bring the beast down. There was a rich streak of symbolism in my suggestion which I'm afraid was lost on Kervoba.

Did you say irony, too? Well, that was to come some days out when Kervoba felled the animal with one shot.

I dutifully paid the wager, did the lion's share in carving up the luckless creature, packed the cuts on our sleds, and in the course of some days did most of the cooking of it.

I have already mentioned Kervoba's devotion to the genus *Allium cepa*. I quite pointedly told him I did not share his enthusiasm for the odorous bulb. I cooked my meat separately from his, but I had to watch the scoundrel to make certain he didn't bedeck my portion with curtains of sliced onions.

Well, to get along, we had used up all our bear except the liver, a gigantic thing. For dinner one night, I sliced it very thin, spiced it, and sauteed it over a slow

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flame. The other cuts had been tough and stringy and I declared that I was in hopes the liver would be otherwise. It appeared to be; the knife I used to cut the slices seemed to meet small resistance, and the odor of it cooking was a divine experience not to be complemented, as it turned out for me, by what I told Kervoba would be the surely equally divine experience of its consumption.

What happened? I left our tent to get more fuel for our Coleman heater. While I was busying myself outside, do you know what the surly beast did? Well, of course you do, He piled onions over all the slices — mind you, *all* the slices, not just his. I reacted furiously, but what was to be done? I ate some half-frozen jerky and a few pieces of tack and watched Kervoba gorge himself on his portion as well as mine, all the time giving me a gap-toothed grin interrupted from time to time by uproarious laughter at what he took to be my discomfiture.

He died that night.

Well, one doesn't spit in fate's eye, does one? I stripped his body of all valuables, to include my money recently lost to him. I piled his goods, including his excellent rifle, on my sled, freed his dogs, and prepared to go. But not before performing something in the way of last rites over the now-frozen body. In his baggage, I found a copy of *The Communist Manifesto*. I read over him some of the more touching passages, then arranged the pamphlet in his hands and went my way, leaving the drifting snows to do their work.

At the rendezvous, the contact was overjoyed to see just one figure break the horizon. It would have been deucedly difficult for him if we had arrived in tandem.

"So," Hal Stevens said, "mission accomplished."

"Decidedly so," Travinside said. "I did quite well on the money side. Received a bonus from your grateful colleagues for getting what was wanted without paying an exorbitant fee. I could have sold the late Kervoba's rifle for a handsome price, but I was overtaken by sentiment. I shipped it off to his widow, along with a bag of dried onions.

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"Did you kill him?"

"My good man, it was generally conceded that he died what was for him, under the circumstances, a natural — and I might say, fortuitous — death. When I related those circumstances to your people, some bright young fellow explained that there is an over-concentration of vitamin A in the livers of polar bears. Ingestion is usually fatal."

"Good God! What luck."

"I know better. By the way, did I understand you to say earlier that another assignment was in the offing?"

"I'll have the details tomorrow. Can you come by my office?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy." Travinside said, standing up. He made a gesture and Singh materialized out of the shadows beyond the table with Travinside's can of Services Special cigarettes. Travinside selected one, took a light from Singh, then inhaled and blew a column of smoke into the air. He looked down at Stevens, still seated. "You know I never do any business away from this table. Come tomorrow and we'll give the counterspies who lurk behind the Kawnbawza's columns something to report."

"Around ten?"

"Make it earlier and we'll have breakfast. Singh informs me that cook has put in a store of beef liver shipped down from Maymyo at my request. A rare treat with rashers of bacon and garnishes of peppers, mushrooms, onions. . ."

"Onions?" Stevens inquired.

"Onions, of course," Travinside replied as he moved off to his quarters. He paused in the darkness beyond the columns encircling the hotel dining room. "Onions," he said dreamily. "I adore them. Always have."

And then he was gone.

SPY TALK: *Snuggling* - covert broadcasting technique of setting up a clandestine opposition radio broadcast next to the official government frequency; one simple misdial by a listener would result in his believing he was hearing "official" reports.

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MESSAGE FROM LOWANDA

by Josh Pachter

When I walked into my office that morning in early November, the first thing that caught my eye was the small square of canary-yellow notepaper in my IN basket. The side facing up was blank, but when I treed my hat and coat and turned it over, the large rubber-stamped H that stared up at me from the reverse side came as no surprise.

Harris.

He sent for me only once or twice a year now, not nearly as often as in the bad old days, when I was a quarter of a century younger and the Cold War made field work a hell of a lot more important than the paper-pushing we now call "intelligence gathering." But Harris still used me every once in a while, when he felt that a cool head would compensate for what the passing years had done to my reflexes. The last time he'd sent for me, some ten months ago, I'd wound up deep in the Anti Atlas Mountains of Morocco, sweet-talking an influential Senator's teenaged daughter out of a stiff jail sentence for trying to smuggle a hubcap full of hash across the Strait of Gibralter to Algeciras.

Where to now? I wondered, as I rode the private elevator up to Harris' top-floor suite of offices. *Managua? Kabul?*

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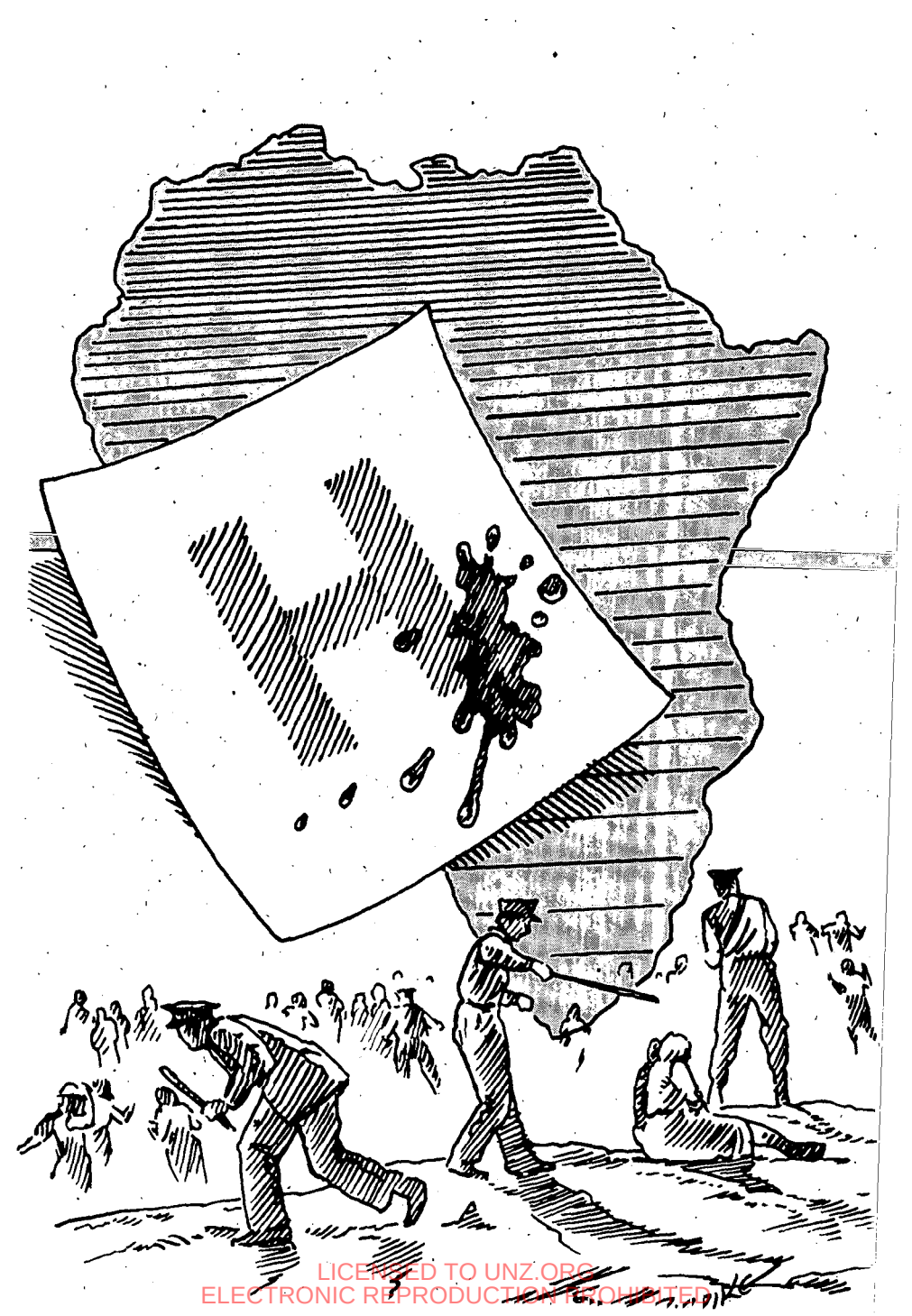

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Riyadh? Or maybe somewhere more prosaic, like Moscow or Paris? Doors whooshed open and I stepped out of the car, showed my photo-ID to the Security officer on duty and let him check my thumbprint against the microfiche index. Satisfied at last, he passed me through a large oak door marked PRIVATE.

Harris had aged since the last time I'd seen him. It hadn't been all that long, not even a year, but the steel-gray hair I remembered was streaked with white now, and the crow's feet at the corners of his piercing green eyes had eroded into wrinkles. He looked up from a bulky red folder as I entered, chewed thoughtfully at his lower lip and nodded to a chair. By the time I was seated, the red folder was out of sight.

"John," he said, in the same gruff baritone that still provided the voice-over for most of my dreams. "You're looking fine."

"Thank you, sir." I left it there. Whatever Harris had for me, there was no need for small talk. Besides, I *wasn't* looking fine, and I knew it. I was looking old, just like him. A few more years and they'd be retiring us both.

How old are They? I asked myself. *When do They retire? Who the hell are They, the ones who give Harris his orders?*

Frowning, he pulled a fountain pen from a marble inkwell and fumbled it around with both hands. He was stalling, for some reason, and I shifted uncomfortably in my chair. The mild, pleasant scent of Harris' cologne hung between us in the air. Finally, he seemed to reach a decision. He set the pen down carefully on his blotter, looked across his desk at me and took a breath. "I'm not going to beat around the bush with you," he said. "Len Patrick is dead. I'm sorry, John."

They say that just before you die, your whole life passes before your eyes in an instant. I wasn't dying and it wasn't my life that flashed before me in that one horrible instant after Harris spoke, but it was my 30-year friendship with Lennie Patrick. I didn't have to call up the images, they streamed through my consciousness of their own apparent will: the familiar ones I dealt with every day, the long-buried ones that dredged themselves up from the forgotten depths of my memory...

Our first meeting, Lennie's and mine, wading through a forest of suitcases to shake hands, assigned to share a dorm

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room for our freshman year at Columbia...meals in the Common Room, double dates, long nights of studying and writing papers and drinking gallons of vile coffee to keep ourselves going...a growing realization of the attitudes and opinions and desires we had in common...semester after semester of shared apartments and studies and escapades...chess games and Christmas skiing in Vermont and our unbeatable battery the season Lennie pitched and I crouched behind the plate for the JV baseball team...that incredible Graduation Day swordfight, Len thrusting demoniacally with his rolled-up BS in higher math, me parrying with mine in poli-sci...

The stream of memories swelled to a river of whirling, tumbling images which crashed and blended and dissolved: eight months of nine-to-fiving at unsatisfying, mundane jobs for both of us...dreams and schemes of a more meaningful life...the drunken decision to get away from it all, escape to Washington and become glamorous, mysterious secret agents, *spies*...and then that two-day half-serious train ride, each of us daring the other to back down...applications and examinations and interviews...a long period of rigorous training...and finally the sobering moment when it was no longer a joke, when we were American agents for real, when we saw that there was work to be done...

Memory flowed faster, flooded me with changing, aging, maturing pictures of Len Patrick and myself: the long years of infrequent contact as our assignments kept us busy and apart...happy, liquid reunions at irregular intervals...those three unforgettable missions we'd teamed up on in the early '60s...and then my retirement to a desk job several years back, while Lennie stayed out in the field and we saw each other less than ever...our last meeting, just two months ago, time only for a drink at Washington National as Len arrived on one plane and waited for another...and now...

And now he was dead. Dead. I blinked against the glaring sunlight that slanted through the picture window behind Harris' head, and sat up straight.

"What happened?" I asked him. "I want to know."

Rather than answering, Harris shuffled through some papers on his desk, found a small white envelope and passed it across to me. "He managed to get this off before he died," he said. "What do you make of it?"

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Len's last communication, his last message before death claimed him. I took the envelope, half-hoping it would be addressed to me.

It wasn't, of course: It had been directed to one of our New York accommodation drops, addressed in the distinctive slashing handwriting I knew so well. It bore a foreign stamp and an illegible postmark. The flap had been slit open; I looked at Harris, and he nodded.

There was a single folded sheet of pale blue paper in the envelope. I slid it out and opened it. What I saw surprised me: it was the title page of the latest edition of our agency's code book. The agency name and insignia covered the top two-thirds of the sheet, the words CODE BOOK appeared in bold black print at the bottom.

A circle had been inked around those two words, setting them off from the rest of the page, and between and slightly below the E of CODE and the B of BOOK, a small diamond had been sketched in.

CODE ◇ BOOK

I looked up from the scrap of paper. "Some kind of message? Obviously. Why else would he have mailed it to us? The name of his killer, maybe? He *was* killed, I assume?"

"Yes, John, he was. But even supposing he *knew* who killed him — which isn't very likely, by the way, given the circumstances of his death — there wasn't any reason for him to have passed on that sort of information. He was a spy, John, and the enemy found him out and eliminated him. That's part of the game, and Len knew the risk when he signed on. He wouldn't expect us to try and avenge his death; that would have been childish."

I had to agree. Lennie was dead, and revenge was — unthinkable. The only possibility was to go on. "Well, then," I said, "if it's not a clue to his murderer, maybe it's some kind of a report on the assignment he was handling. What was he working on when they — when it happened?"

"He was trying to come up with a date — one specific day of the year." Harris leaned towards me and went on earnestly. "I'm betting he found it, John; there was no other reason

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for him to have communicated with us." There was a note of urgency in Harris' voice, and I found myself holding my breath as I waited for whatever was coming next. "This is important, John. In fact, it's crucial. I'm hoping you'll be able to decipher this thing for me, to figure out what date Len Patrick was referring to."

"Background?" I asked. "It'll help."

Harris thought it over. Then he opened a desk drawer, pulled out the red folder he'd been reading on my arrival and flipped it open. "Have you ever heard of Lowanda?" he began.

"Lowanda? That little province that splintered off the Republic of South Africa a while back and declared its independance?"

"That's it. Population just over a hundred thousand: one main city and a few smaller towns, mostly rural settlements. Lots of agriculture, some mining, no industry to speak of. South Africa won't recognize them, but they've been run by a black military junta for six months now and they've applied for admission to the UN. Anyway, we've learned that a terrorist group based in South Africa is planning a surprise offensive against one of Lowanda's six military installations; they want to take over the base and use it as a wedge towards returning the entire country to white domination. We haven't taken an official stand on the situation as yet, but *un*-officially we'd like to see the Lowandans survive. Strike a blow against apartheid; that kind of thing. Obviously, we can't commit American troops or advisors or even dollars at this stage, but the Pentagon feels that if we could warn Lowanda of the details of the impending surprise attack, they could concentrate their *own* forces in the right place at the right time and put down the incursion." Harris had scarcely glanced at the folder as he spoke. He closed it now and put it away again. "So," he concluded, "I sent Len Patrick to Africa to ferret out the information."

"And the terrorists killed him?"

"Not right away. He managed to infiltrate their organization, and they didn't break his cover for almost a month. Before they tumbled to him, he was able to get two messages back to me. The first was straight code, right out of the book. All it said was 'Base Six.' "

"Base Six," I repeated. "The location of the surprise attack?"

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I closed my eyes, let memories of Lennie stir up once more. *What would he do?* I asked myself. *How would he react?*

"Yes. Lowanda's military bases form a hexagon around Freedom City, the capital. Base Six is to the south, closest to the South African border."

I nodded. "And the second message?"

Harris pointed at the envelope in my hand. "That title page from our code book. He must have posted it just before they killed him. The exact circumstances are unclear, but as we got the story his body was discovered in an alley in Jo'burg about ten days ago. He'd been shot in the head at close range." He paused for a moment and shook his head sadly. "Whoever it was that found the body got his nationality from the passport he was carrying; it wasn't made out in his own name, of course, but it *was* American as it happens. He contacted our embassy and they took care of the — arrangements."

"And this?" I tapped the envelope.

"It arrived in New York two days ago and reached me early this morning. Until today, I didn't know whether Len had been able to pin down that date or not. Now I know. I've had Tomlin and his boys working on it all day, but — "

"Yes? Did they come up with anything?"

"Tomlin had one idea," Harris scowled, "but I don't like it. You see that diamond, separating the word CODE and BOOK?"

I looked down at the sheet of paper again. The diamond was small, set slightly below the printed words, quickly but carefully sketched. "You said there was mining in Lowanda?" I asked.

"Yes, but — "

"*Diamond* mining?"

"Well, yes, but I don't see how you can coax a date out of that."

"Neither do I," I admitted. "What was Tomlin's idea?"

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"It's not much better than yours, as far as I'm concerned. He says that since the diamond is a four-sided figure, Len was indicating that the attack is set for the fourth of the month."

"The fourth of *which* month?"

"Well, the figure's positioned — this is Tomlin, still — the figure's positioned between the letters E and B, and those two letters appear in the same order near the beginning of the word February. And the fourth is near the beginning of the month, so Tomlin figures February fourth is the date. But as I said, I don't like it. It's too detailed, too complicated. It's all Tomlin came up with, though." Harris toyed with his pen again. "So this is why I called you up here this morning, John. I wanted to break the news to you, naturally, and I wanted to ask you this: you knew Len Patrick as well as anyone in the world. Better, probably. Would Tomlin's answer — February fourth — be consistent with Len's approach to a problem like this one?"

It didn't take me long to mull it over. "No," I said firmly. "Definitely not. Lennie was a mathematician; it was his major in college and his hobby the rest of his life. He was too logical and orderly to leave a message that cloudy."

Harris sucked in a breath through clenched teeth, then sighed it out again. "Alright, then. Assuming he *did* find out the date of the terrorists' surprise attack on Lowanda, what would he have done?"

"He wouldn't have been cute about it," I answered immediately. "He'd have coded the date straight out of the code book, just like he did with his first message. Unless — "

"John?"

I thought about it. Then, slowly, "Unless he only came up with the information *right* before they killed him. Maybe he didn't have *time* to go through the code book and properly encode the message. Maybe all he had time to do was draw this circle around the words CODE BOOK, sketch in the diamond, rip out the page and drop it in a mailbox."

Harris brightened. "It must be something fairly simple then. If he'd had enough time to work out a complicated message he'd certainly have the time to use our regular code." He tapped a fist against his upper lip and said eagerly, "*Think*, John. He's just discovered the information I sent him after, and he realizes that the terrorists are after him and

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he hasn't got much time. What does he do?"

I took a breath and closed my eyes, let the memories of Lennie stir up once more. *What would he do?* I asked myself. *How would he react?*

Lennie Patrick, the logical, orderly thinker...the math major...hours and hours of complex problems and formulae and homework papers...rolled-up diplomas thrusting and parrying...playful wrestling matches on the hard wooden floor of our dorm room...combat and competition...a hard fastball over the plate and smack into my glove, and the championship was ours...

"Baseball!" I exclaimed.

"Baseball?"

"Yes, Lennie and I were rabid baseball fans back in school. We played on an intramural team together, followed the pro scores; it was the only sport either of us was really interested in."

Harris folded his hands and waited.

"The diamond on the message," I explained. "It's not just any four-sided figure, and it doesn't have anything to do with mining, either. It's a *baseball* diamond, with the word CODE BOOK positioned at its top corner, at second base." I sat up very straight and stared at the message Lennie had sent us from his grave. "Second base," I whispered. "That's it. Lennie wasn't giving you the *date* of the planned invasion. He was telling you that the terrorists have changed the *location*, from Six to Base Two!"

Harris unfolded his hands and washed a palm across his face. "Clever," he said, "but I can't buy it, John. I mean, what good would our knowing of a new attack location do us without our having the date of the attack to go along with it?"

"Maybe he couldn't find out the date, and this was all he had to give us."

"Why bother? By itself, the location's just about useless, and Len knew that. We can't expect the Lowandans to focus their defenses on one base out of six indefinitely. And another thing: why would the terrorists murder our agent and risk getting us further involved, if Len hadn't even tumbled to the full extent of their plans?"

I searched for an answer. "Maybe he was getting close, and

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they — "

"No, John." Harris was firm. "It doesn't scan. The attack was set for Base Six, and there was no reason to change it."

"But what if *they* found out that *we'd* found out the projected location? They'd *have* to change it, then."

"If they knew that we know about Base Six, they'd have gotten rid of Len Patrick weeks earlier than they did. No, this message gives us the *date* of the offensive, I'm sure of it. They killed Len to try and stop him from passing it on to us, but he managed to put this in the mail before they reached him."

"All right," I subsided, "it's a date. But, still, this 'second base' idea fits in somewhere — otherwise, the diamond just doesn't make any sense. Second base...*something* about second base..."

Second base, I thought. Baseball...ball...bat...no, that's no good...second base...base two...baseball...college...Lennie...math major...second base...baseball...math...base two...base —

"Base two!"

Harris narrowed his eyes. "Something?"

"I think so," I said, hitching my chair closer to his desk. "I think I may even have the answer. Hang on a second."

I picked up his fountain pen and made notations on the back of the envelope Lennie's message had arrived in. "Yes," I said, a few moments later. "Yes, I think so."

Harris made an impatient noise.

"Sorry," I smiled. "I don't mean to be melodramatic. I just want to be sure about this. Well, here, I'll go back a bit and do it out loud. See, in most parts of the world, mathematics revolves around what's called the decimal system, otherwise known as Base Ten, which uses the numerals from zero to nine. But computers, say, can't function in Base Ten, because the electrical circuits which run them don't have the ability to handle ten different integers. A circuit's got only two possible positions — on and off — so computers have to use what's called a binary system, Base Two, which only requires *two* integers — zero and one. Follow me so far?"

Harris nodded slowly.

"Good. Now, take a look at these two words, CODE BOOK," the words Lennie circled. Eight letters altogether, and three of them are O's, or zeroes. There aren't any I's, though — no,

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ones. But if we're going to read this thing as a Base Two message, like Lennie told us to by the way he positioned the diamond, then everything that *isn't* a zero *must* be a one, since zero and one are the only two integers we have to work with. Which means that, instead of the words CODE BOOK, we wind up with the Base Two equivalents 1011 and 1001."

Harris chewed at his lip. "Okay," he said. "Go on."

I laid the envelope on the desk and showed him my notes. "Next step," I said, "is to translate those groups of integers back into Base Ten numbers, so we can understand them. In Base Ten, for example, 1011 means one thousand, no hundreds, one ten and one unit — one thousand and eleven. But in Base Two we don't have thousands columns and hundreds columns and so on. We work in multiples of two, not ten. So for four-digit groups like these are, we're dealing with an eights column, a fours column, a twos column and a units column. As you can see here" — I pointed to the relevant jottings I'd made on the envelope — "1011 means one eight, no fours, one two and one one, for a total of eleven. And 1001 is an eight and a one, or nine. Eleven-nine, that's what Lennie was trying to tell you."

"November ninth!" Harris whistled. "That doesn't give the Lowandans much time. I've got to get in touch with Freedom City!" He scooped up his telephone and gave quick instructions to the building operator.

I stood and went to the door.

"John," Harris said.

I turned, my hand on the doorknob. "Sir?"

He cupped a palm over the instrument's mouthpiece. "That was good work, John. *Fine* work. There'll be a commendation in this for you."

Pictures darted uncalled-for through my mind, pictures of my office downstairs with the big mahogany desk and the swivel chair and the IN basket full of files and reports and top-secret documents, pictures of the dozen Special Merit plaques already hanging on the walls. Pictures of Lennie Patrick lying in an unmarked grave somewhere in Africa with a bullet in his head.

Give it to Lennie, I thought bitterly. *He's the one who* — I sighed.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and went out to the elevator and headed down.

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"The Feds seem to anticipate every move we make. I'm beginning to suspect we've been infiltrated."

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Skyrocket Steele

CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE

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by Ron Goulart

He wasn't a Nazi spy at all.

The rumors about him that have surfaced in recent years, and were played up in not one but two biographies, aren't true. Shawn Glory was not a Hollywood-based agent for Hitler. And the handsome swashbuckling star of such memorable movie epics as *Captain Skull, The Charge of the Bengal Lancers,* and *Hawks of the Sea* was never part of a cunning and complex plot against Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

But since the truth about what really went on in that long ago week just before America entered the Second World War is fairly incredible, it's much easier for people to believe that Glory was working for the Nazis. Besides which, most of the facts have been supressed until now.

To get the real story, we have to go back to Hollywood — Burbank initially — on the morning of Monday, December 1, 1941. That was the morning Hix got hit on the head, which made him both mad and curious.

Hix was thirty-one, a small wiry man with dark, frizzy hair. Clad in a lemon-yellow polo shirt, forest-green slacks, and ancient tennis shoes, he was strolling across the Star-Spangled Studios lot that overcast morning, on his way to the Writers' Building. Under his arm, he carried a manila folder containing all his notes on *Skyrocket Steele Conquers The Universe.* That was going to be a new, thirteen chapter serial, a sequel to the successful *Skyrocket Steele* that was thrilling matinee audiences across the land.

The notes consisted of scribblings on a napkin from the Garden of Allah, a page torn from a recent issue of *Whiz Comics,* and a glossy publicity photo of a pretty brunette dancer named Boots McKay. The question, *How much of Flash Gordon can we swipe this time?,* was scrawled across the backside of the picture.

Boots, a fairly talented young woman, was working on the Star-

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Spangled lot in *Hot Tamales Join The Army*, a patriotic musical. Hix was, he was just about convinced, in love with her.

As he passed Sound Stage 6, where the Hot Tamales picture would be shooting this afternoon, he slowed and reminded himself to drop in after lunch and watch Boots go through her featured "Battleship Babes Ballet" number.

A heavy metal door on the side of the big hulking building eased open. A pretty blonde looked out. "Pssst, Hix."

"Eh?" He halted beneath a palm tree and executed an exaggerated take.

"Please. C'mere," requested the young woman in the white satin dress.

He trotted obligingly over to her. "I didn't recognize you with your clothes on, Donna."

"Don't razz me, Hix. I've got something serious to talk about," said Donna Dinkins. "I know I've done mostly sarong stuff up to now, but *Hot Tamales Join The Army*'s going to give me the big break I need. I'll prove I can act as well as . . ."

"I know you can act, sweetheart. Didn't I suggest they nominate you for an Oscar for your bit in *Mazola of the South Seas*?"

"Maloma," she corrected. "But, honest, you can maybe help me. C'mon here."

"My heart belongs to another, Donna, if a quick moment of rapture is what you have in . . ."

"I'd rather hug a toad," she assured him. "This is something serious." Reaching out, she tugged him inside the big hangerlike building.

Only a few worklights were on, and far across the cable-strewn floor loomed the mock hull of a battleship. It was pink, and had pink ribbons festooning its gun barrels.

"That's where Boots is going to . . ."

"You're really sweet on her, aren't you?" The blonde guided him over to a pair of canvas chairs that faced the Hot Tamales set.

"I'm decidedly smitten, yep."

"She's a swell kid. You're something of a twerp, but maybe Boots can reform you."

"The love of a good woman's been known to renovate many a twerp." He sat down next to her. "But enough of this flattering badinage...what's up?"

Donna glanced uneasily around. "That trouble they had here at the studio a few months back," she said, "you sort of helped clear that up, didn't you?"

"Well, my associate on the Skyrocket script lent a hand, as well," said Hix modestly. His frizzy hair was standing up higher, now, as though it, too, were listening to the anxious young actress. "He, alas, is off on a well earned honeymoon,

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forcing me to collaborate on my latest scientifiction epic with a sozzled chap who...Ah, but we're straying from the point. You have a problem?"

"My feeling is that you're pretty darn good at solving...well, mysteries, Hix."

"I am indeed, child. Didn't I script *Mr. Woo In Panama, Mr. Woo Takes A Chance* and *Mr. Woo On Broadway*? Not to. . ."

"Listen, what I'm talking about is real life."

"No such thing." When Hix shook his head, his hair crackled. "Once you get within a hundred miles of Hollywood, real life ceases — for all practical purposes — to exist."

She put a pale hand on his arm and took another nervous glance around at the surrounding darkness. "I guess you know I've been...um...dating Shawn Glory."

"Rumors have reached my ears, via Hedda, Louella, and Jimmy."

"Well, and this is maybe goofy, Hix, but...he's different. I mean, the past couple weeks, the guy. . . he's just awful different."

Hix made a glass tipping gesture with his free hand. "Shawn's fond of the sauce, kiddo," he reminded. "Booze can cause many a. . ."

"Nope, it's not booze." She hunched her pretty shoulders. "I decided to confide in you because you're used to dealing with goofy stuff. See, I think it isn't him anymore."

"Huh?"

"It's not Shawn. In fact, Hix...gee, this is the kind of stuff they haul you off to the nut farm for. But I think he isn't even. . ."

"Hit the deck!" Hix had heard an odd scraping sound in the catwalks above them.

Looking up, he got a glimpse of a strangely clad figure in the high shadows. Then he saw a baby spotlight sway, break loose, and start to plummet straight down at them.

Hix gave the blonde actress a shove and a warning, diving free of his chair soon thereafter.

He landed on the floor and rolled about six feet before the spotlight wapped him on the side of the head.

Hix groaned, tossing from side to side on the hospital table. "I saw...boots...some kind of fancy...boots," he murmured, as he awakened.

"I'm right here, honey."

He opened his eyes. "No, I mean lower case boots, Boots."

The pretty Boots McKay, decked out in a skimpy white satin sailor suit, was leaning over him and holding his hand. "You got a real conk on the noggin, Hix," she told him. "Take a minute to gather your wits."

"Going to take the lad a lot longer than a minute to achieve

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that."

Hix noticed a handsome grey-haired man in a medical jacket standing nearby. "Hey, what kind of flimflam is this? I want a real doctor, not some hambone who. . ."

"Easy, hon." Boots put a restraining hand to his chest. "You *have* a real doctor, right over here. It's just that they brought you here because it's close to Stage 6."

"Yah, dot's ride," said the small pudgy man in a fawn-colored sportcoat. "Ven I spot Higgs gesprawled on der dodgozzled floor, cold as der mackeral, why I drag him offer here zo dey. . ."

"A dressmaker?" Hix made another attempt to sit up.

That caused the white room to go spinning and bouncing for nearly a minute.

"Fashion designer, Higgs," corrected the small pudgy man.

"Don't pick on poor Fritzi," said Boots. "After all, he. . ."

"A fashion designer drags me around," said Hix, holding onto Boots so he could remain sitting up, "and they haul me to the blinking set of *Dr. Zilbusher's Greatest Case*. They let a pickled ham like John Drewid poke his palsied fingers into my fragile. . ."

"Wouldn't touch you with a sterilized barge pole, my boy." Drewid ran a hand through his wavy hair. "Word was that you were at death's door. Naturally, I rushed here to see if you needed a helpful nudge. Typical Hollywood exaggeration, I fear. You're; alas, going to live."

"Can you people stop this bickering?" A lean young man was attempting to push closer to the operating table Hix was sitting on.

"Who's he? This hambone's stand-in, trying. . ."

"I'm a real doctor," explained the young man. "Will Emerson. Now then, Mr. Higgs, I advise. . ."

"Hix," Hix told him. "Don't pay attention to how haberdashers pronounce my. . ."

"Dot's dodgozzled gratitude for you," complained Fritzi. "By chanze, I am valking tru der dodgozzled Stage Siggs, und I spot him all alone on der floor mit a goozegg on his kopf. Zo beink a good zamarit. . ."

"Alone?" Hix scowled at them. "That ain't right. Donna Dinkins was there with me."

"Oh, so?" said Boots. "Just why were you and that peroxided bimbo sneaking around a deserted. . ."

"Silence," advised Hix. "My fidelity to you is above reproach. The salient point is that Donna was there when that guy dropped the spot on us."

Dr. Emerson cleared his throat. "With head injuries, Mr. Hix, there's always the possibility of imaginary events getting mixed in with. . ."

"Getting conked didn't give

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me DTS, doc. I know I was talking to Donna when I looked up and saw..." He hesitated, frowning. "Damn, now I can't remember who I saw. You nitwits got me distracted."

"The brain, Mr. Hix, is a complex organ that . . ."

"I know how the darn brain works. I wrote *Dr. Zilbusher's Challenge, Calling Dr. Zilbusher* and *Love Finds Dr. Zilbusher* for this studio."

"I'll testify to that," said Drewid. "Worst dialogue I've had to mouth since I toured with a road company of *Paddy's Pig* back in . . ."

"Muzzle him," suggested Hix. He attempted to leave the table.

"Mr. Hix, I advise your taking a few days off," said the concerned young doctor.

"Nope, I can't do that."

Boots helped him keep his balance. "You'd better do it, Hix. I can run you home in my coupe, soon as we shoot the battleship number."

He started to shake his head, thought better of it. "The *Skyrocket Steele Conquers The Universe* script beckons," he said. "On top of which I have to track down Donna Dinkins and have a chat with her."

"You sure you were merely talking to that . . ."

"I'm as steadfast as a . . ."

"I once had a mongrel pup who displayed similar loyalty," observed Drewid, moving back.

"Poor creature was later flattened by a steamroller while chasing . . ."

"Boots, if you can help me drag my carcass over to the Writers' Building," said Hix, "I'll collect my thoughts and then plan my campaign."

"What campaign?"

"To get even," he replied. "The code of the Hix clan is rigid in that area. You drop a spotlight on the revered Hix cabeza and you get paid back."

"Really, Mr. Hix, complete rest is what you . . ."

"I won't rest until I find out what the hell's going on." Hix rubbed at his green trousers. "Got some kind of oil splashed on my knickers."

"Ach, zo did I," said Fritzi. "Doze zound stage floors are not der gleanest plazes to . . ."

"Some kind of fine machine oil," said Hix, as he sniffed at the fingertips he'd brushed across the tiny splashes on his pants knee.

"I'll get you over to your office," said Boots, slipping a bare arm around him, "but don't go getting all het up and excited over this. Just concentrate on . . ."

"Revenge," he said. "That's what I intend to concentrate on."

"Eh?" Hix was neatly sprawled on the sagging flame sofa where he did most of his serious

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work-hours thinking.

Seated at the battered desk in the narrow office was Hank Devlin, the lanky thirty-five year old writer, who was collaborating on the latest Skyrocket Steele serial. "I was making a brilliant suggestion for our scenario," he said. "The one that's due in Kaminsky's office early last week."

"That one. Remember it well."

"When Skyrocket lands on the moon, he gets framed for stealing the sacred jewel out of the eye of their. . ."

"*The Angel Takes Over.*" Hix sat up, he and the sofa groaning in unison. "That's where you last used that gimmick."

"Nope, I used it in *The Angel In Danger.*" Devlin pushed aside the yellow legal pad he'd been doodling on. "And it was a pearl necklace not a. . ."

"Same difference. See, the youthful yahoos who patronize these gripping chapter plays have brains the size of an agent's heart," explained Hix. "If we tax those young cocos too much, the Breen Office and the Legion of Decency will attack our movie palaces with axes, clubs and. . ."

"Okay, forget the jewel." Devlin poured more bourbon into his coffee mug. "Somehow or other, they throw Skyrocket into the dungeons on the moon and. . ."

"Good. Terrific, in fact. That'll make a swell title for Chapter 3 or 4," he said. "Next Week: The Dungeons of the Moon! Nifty."

"So they tell him they don't go in for jury trials and that crap on the moon," continued Devlin, after sipping at his cup. "They believe in trial by combat. And it just so happens their annual tournaments are coming up in. . ."

"Where'd you get that tournaments notion?"

"Out of a Big Little Book my kid has. When I dropped in on my first wife, he was. . ."

"Hell, that's the same idea I jotted down in my notes here."

"Same Big Little Book?"

"Nope, an old Tarzan novel." Hix shrugged. "Well, we can get a couple of good socko chapters out of it. Pit Skyrocket against some weird critters, have him fight a duel with an apeman."

"Do they have apemen on the moon?"

"Last time I checked."

"I was thinking we could lead up to the stuff in the arena with some torture stuff. Seeing this is scientific, we use an electric boot. They put it on Sky's tootsie and shoot a million volts of. . ."

"That's it!" Snapping his fingers, Hix stood. "The guy's boots. Sure, they were pirate boots."

"We're not writing *Son Of Captain Skull*," reminded Devlin, sipping again. "That's Shawn Glory's latest opus, shooting, even as we speak, over on Stage

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13. So we . . ."

"That's who it was." Hix exclaimed, hair jiggling, pointed at the ceiling. "Up in the rafters, dropping heavy objects toward my skonce."

"Shawn Glory's a star. He'd hire somebody to do a job like that," said Devlin. "Fact is, I hear he's Eleanor Roosevelt's favorite movie star."

Hix lowered his pointing finger. "So what?"

"Well, FDR and his missus are going to be on the lot this coming Friday. The President of the USA is scheduled to film a two minute pitch for the March of Dimes," amplified Devlin. "That evening, at Mrs. Roosevelt's request, they'll be dining at Glory's mansion in Beverly Hills. With a stewpot of Secret Service types in attendance."

"Be that as it may." Hix smoothed his polo shirt and headed for the door. "T'was none other than Shawn Glory who tried to brain me, and probably absconded with Donna Dinkins."

"He's having a torrid romance with her. Hell, they're probably rolling around in his dressing room at this very. . ."

"No, nobody's found a trace of Donna anywhere." He took hold of the doorknob.

"Hix, in every Angel movie I ever did, the detective always gets in bigger trouble by poking his snoot into. . ."

"Yet he triumphed in the last reel over the goons responsible for all the trouble. Right?"

"Sure, but that's because I wrote it that way."

Hix gave him a thin smile. "Despite your lack of faith in my powers as a sleuth, old chum," he announced, "I intend to solve this whole mess."

"What about Skyrocket?"

"Block out the tournament crap until I return." He opened the door and went hurtling out into the afternoon.

"Await me here." Hix hopped from Boots' halted convertible coupe.

"You oughtn't to go galavanting around like. . ."

"I am merely, my love, going to ask Pop a few pithy questions."

Sighing, the dancer pulled her car to one side as Hix, frizzly hair quivering, went trotting through the twilight to the guard at the main gates of the walled Star-Spangled Studios.

"Evening, Pop."

The heavyset uniformed guard chuckled. "Meant to thank you for that stack of old comic books you give me for my grandson," he said. "Kid just loves those darn things. Except he complained somebody had ripped the best pages out of the Captain Marvel stories in *Whiz Comics*. I told him not to look a gift horse in the. . ."

"Exactly." Hix put his hand on

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the old man's elbow. "I tried to get hold of Shawn Glory earlier and was informed he'd gone home sick. Did you see him leave, Pop?"

"That I did, Hix. Around two it was." He shook his head sadly. "Crying shame what drink'll do to a man. He really didn't look all that well. And when I poked my head in to wish him a speedy recovery, why, I noticed a funny smell."

"Funny how?"

"I don't know why a man who pulls down Glory's salary has to drink Sterno, but it sure as heck smelled like he'd been doing just that."

"Anything else odd?"

Pop hesitated before replying, "Well, he had that pansy driving his Rolls-Royce."

"Which pansy?. This is Hollywood; you have to be more specific."

"The little kraut dressmaker. Fritzi, he calls himself."

"Fritzi?"

"That's who it was. Give me a big sissy smile when he drove on out of here."

Hix gingerly touched at the sizeable lump at the back of his head. "He's having a busy day for sure," he observed. "Did your keen eye note anything more?"

Pop lowered his voice, looking away from Hix and toward the row of tall palm trees just beyond the wrought iron studio gates. "Maybe I shouldn't go making accusations, Hix, but I got a hunch that nance is stealing costumes," he said. "Can't prove it, but I saw enough to make me suspicious."

"What exactly?"

Pop narrowed his left eye and touched at it. "Sticking out of the trunk of that darn car was part of a fancy dress," he replied. "I'll just bet you he's 'swiping some of our costumes."

Hix was bouncing some. "Quick, Pop, what sort of dress?"

"Fancy one. Made out of some kind of silky white material."

"Thank you so much, Pop." Bowing, he went sprinting back and hopped in beside Boots. "Off we go to Beverly Hills."

Boots inquired, "Now what?"

"Glory and dear Fritzi went tooling out of here this afternoon in Glory's Rolls."

"And?"

"They quite probably had Donna Dinkins stuffed in the trunk," said Hix.

Boots guided her car up a winding twilight street. "Isn't it possible that having that thing dropped on your poor head has made you a little goofy?"

Hix was leaning back in the passenger seat, enjoying the feel of the night air whistling through his frizzy hair. "Life oft imitates art. Trust me, my love," he said. "I've used plots like this in a dozen or more of my epic,

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albeit low budget, flickers. Take the situation in *Mr. Woo In The Secret Service*. There you had . . ."

"Kind of hard to believe. Shawn Glory a spy."

"Not him, somebody impersonating him. That was what Donna was trying to tell me this morning."

"Didn't you used to have a yen for that . . ."

"Nope, it was naught but a harmless flirtation," he assured her. "Attend to what I'm outlining here. This imitation Glory got wind that Donna, ladyfriend of the true Glory, was growing dubious about him. He trailed the lass and, realizing she was on the brink of confiding all to one of Tinseltown's most astute minds, he panicked. Tried to drop a spot on her before she could blab."

"And you think sweet little Fritzi, who really is a darn good costume designer, is in on this thing?"

"He's more than likely a Nazi agent."

"That's a shame, because my costumes for *Hot Tamales Join The Army* are the best I've ever . . ."

"Fritzi has to be part of the scheme, Boots. He cleaned up after the spurious Glory," said Hix. "Helped him spirit Donna away, lugged me out of there."

Boots frowned. "But isn't he too obvious? I mean, a guy with that thick German accent? He might be a red herring, but not the real . . ."

"Sometimes the most obvious suspect is really guilty. I used that dodge in *G-Men On The Job*, remember? Where the crazed... Whoops, there's Glory's manse behind that wall up yonder." Hix sat up straight. "Drive right on by, then park in an unobtrusive spot."

"If they've really turned this joint into a spy nest, hon, maybe you ought . . ."

"Nix, fear not."

Boots parked her coupe under a stand of shadowy pepper trees. "Hix?"

"Yeah?"

She leaned across, kissed him on the cheek. "Don't get killed or anything," she urged. "I'm fond of you."

"I'm fond of me, too." He dropped free of the car. "I'll see no harm comes to me."

Hix lurked in the shrubbery for a few moments, singing quietly to himself: "Hut-Sut Rawlson on the rillerah and a brawla brawla hooey."

He looked carefully to the left and right once again, then leaped up and caught hold of the six foot stuccoed wall surrounding Shawn Glory's estate.

After dangling for a gasping moment, Hix managed to haul himself to the top of the wall. Stretched out flat atop it, he

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looked and listened.

About a half acre of dark lawn, edged by hedges and eucalyptus trees, stretched uphill from the wall to the sprawling Moorish style mansion.

No one seemed to have taken note of Hix' advent.

Nodding, he rolled and dropped to the grass below. "Doug Fairbanks the First couldn't have done better," he murmured. Limping, massaging his left knee and ducked low, he went scurrying toward the house.

Light showed at several of the windows, making the wrought iron bars stand out.

Hix was approaching a side door, screened by a stretch of hedge, when he noticed a large gent in a dark suit standing about a hundred yards away. He had his broad back to Hix, was apparently distracted by something that was going on inside the house. There was enough light spilling out of the window the lout was interested in to illuminate the rifle he had tucked under his arm.

Scooting rapidly, and silently, Hix made for the rear of the house.

After scrutinizing the dark backside of Glory's place for a while, Hix discovered an unlocked door. Very cautiously, he opened it and went down the half dozen cement steps. He was in a chill stone corridor that apparently led deeper into the basement.

From a pocket of his slacks, Hix extracted a pen-sized flashlight. Clicking it on, he followed the beam along the hall.

Around a bend, the corridor brought him to a wooden door.

Hix opened the door.

There was a big room beyond it, some sort of workshop.

At a work table facing the door, a familiar figure sat.

As soon as the beam of Hix' light touched the figure, Hix stopped still and did a respectful take. "Sorry to barge in on you, sir," he said. "Ought I to salute or...Whoa now."

He went easing closer.

It wasn't Franklin Delano Roosevelt sitting behind the table after all.

"Nope, it's a..." Frowning, Hix reached out to touch the face of the presidential simulacrum. "Holy moley, synthetic flesh. This guy is some kind of...sure, a robot!"

He backed off and started exploring the underground workshop. The place was loaded with enough odd looking scientific equipment and tools to stock a half dozen Universal mad-doctor B-movies. In addition, stretched out on another table at the room's side, there was an unfinished robot replica of the missing Donna Dinkins.

Hix played his light along the unclothed robot. "Boy, these

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guys spare no expense when it comes to authentic detail," he said with some admiration. "They've even duplicated the little mole on her. . ."

"Ve alzo got a goot zilent alarm zystem, Herr Higgs."

Turning slowly, he saw Fritzi framed in the doorway. The stocky designer held a .45 automatic in his fist. "I thought you guys packed Lugers?"

"Steb offer glozer to me."

"Oh, sure. Anything to oblige." Hix suddenly dived, tossing his flashlight away and scrambling over the dark floor. But before he could get anywhere near Fritzi, all the bright overhead lights blossomed.

"Up on der feed," ordered Fritzi, gesturing with the big gun.

Hix got to his feet. "Robot duplicates, huh?"

"Yetz." He chuckled. "Bermid me to hinterdooz minezelf. I ham Dr. Sigfried Von Zitron."

"Cripes. I read about you in *The American Weekly* a few years back. They dubbed you 'Hitler's Demented Scientific Mastermind.' "

"Dot's I'm." Chuckling, he made a mock bow.

"They smuggled you in to the country, gave you fake identification, and planted you at the studio."

"Two years ago, yetz," admitted Von Zitron. "Und I'm nod a bad costume designer, for a spy."

"Your stuff in *Hot Tamales Join The Army* is terrific," Hix told him. "Fact is, Fritzi, you could give up all this Nazi spy guff and have a swell career in Hollywood as. . ."

"Nonzentz. I have bud one mission in your vile country — to zerve mine Fuhrer."

"And you can't do that in the Star-Spangled costume department, huh?"

"You've zeen mine FDR robot."

"Very believable. Although I'd have to hear him deliver a fireside chat before I. . ."

"Hafter Friday, dot robot vill be prezidend of der whole dodgozzled United Staids," said Von Zitron, chuckling some more. "Taking orders from me."

"Aw, hooey. Nobody'll fall for..." Hix paused, reflecting. "But maybe they would. Since you've already fooled people with a robot Shawn Glory. Right?"

"Yah. Mine Glory mechanical man has been imberzonating the real one for three weegs now."

"And where's the real Shawn?"

"In der vine cellar. Alzo Mitz Dingins...und zoon, you."

"You going to replace me with a tin man? Naw, FDR maybe, and probably Glory," he said, sneering. "But no crackpot scientist can capture the Hix aura, that certain inex. . ."

"Ve maybe, Higgs, chust toss you in der Pazifig."

Hix took a deep breath, ex-

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haled sympathetically. "Hate to spoil your scheme, Fritzi," he said. "Thing is, I didn't just blunder in here like Joe E. Brown or Stu Erwin. Nope, I knew exactly what you rats were up to from the moment I found telltale traces of fine machine oil on my togs this AM. Glory's exertions caused him to spring a small leak."

"Zo?"

"So I have alerted the FBI, the Secret Service, and the Beverly Hills cops."

Von Zitron eyed him for a few silent seconds. "Nein, mine boy," he decided. "You're bluffing."

"Bluffing? Do you honestly believe the genius who penned the scripts for *Mr. Woo's Spy Hunt, Close Call For Spymaster,* and *Diary Of A Prussian Spy* would be dippy enough to come in to this den cold?"

"Yetz."

Hix rubbed at his frizzy hair with a thumb knuckle. "Well, Fritzi, as a matter of fact. . ."

All at once, from outside, came the sounds of police sirens, machine guns and sur-

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prised shouting.

That distracted Von Zitron.

Hix took advantage, jumping him. He caught his gun wrist, wrestled the gun into his possession, and conked the spy over the skull with the handle.

The Nazi groaned, slumped, and hit the floor unconscious.

Hix tucked the gun into his waistband. "Wonder what the hell all that racket upstairs is," he said, stepping over the fallen Fritzi and out into the corridor.

Devlin replenished the bourbon in his mug. "I can't buy it."

"It's socko. Trust me."

"Too fantastic."

"Don't be a ninny," said Hix, as he paced his minute office. "We're grinding out a fantasy."

After sipping, the other scriptwriter said, "There's fantasy and fantasy. Some stuff is too goofy."

"Nothing is too goofy for the moviegoing public, old pal."

"Yeah, but having Skyrocket not tumble to the fact that the Princess of the Moon is a robot, for three damn chapters." Devlin shook his head. "Implausible. There has to be a logic to this kind of crap, Hix."

"Logic my fanny. This'll play."

"I hate to bring this up again, but it could be that blow on the noggin you got a few days back has joggled your usually effective sense of plotting so that . . ."

"Hooey. This robot gimmick is terrific. And it's something that we didn't borrow from the Flash Gordon serials. It's fresh."

"True, but . . ."

"We use it."

"Okay." Reluctantly, Devlin picked up a pencil and began to write in his legal pad.

"Heavens to betsy." Hix was staring at his wristwatch. "It's nigh on to six in the evening. Wherever has the time flown?"

"Big date tonight?"

"I'm taking the lovely Boots out for a night on the town. The Troc, the ZigZag Club, the works," he announced, grinning. "Deep within, I have a growing urge to pop the question."

"Must be love."

"That and gratitude. She showed impressive shrewdness by calling the law up at the Glory menage the other eve."

Devlin set the pencil aside. "You never have given me the straight scoop on what was going on up there at Shawn Glory's dump," he reminded. "What the hell was up?"

Hix executed a lopsided shuffle over the doorway. "My lips are, alas, sealed."

"You can tell me."

When Hix gave a negative shake of his head, the frizzy hair waved and quivered. "I promised," he said, opening the door and hopping into the hall, "certain highplaced folks never to reveal the real truth."

And he never did.

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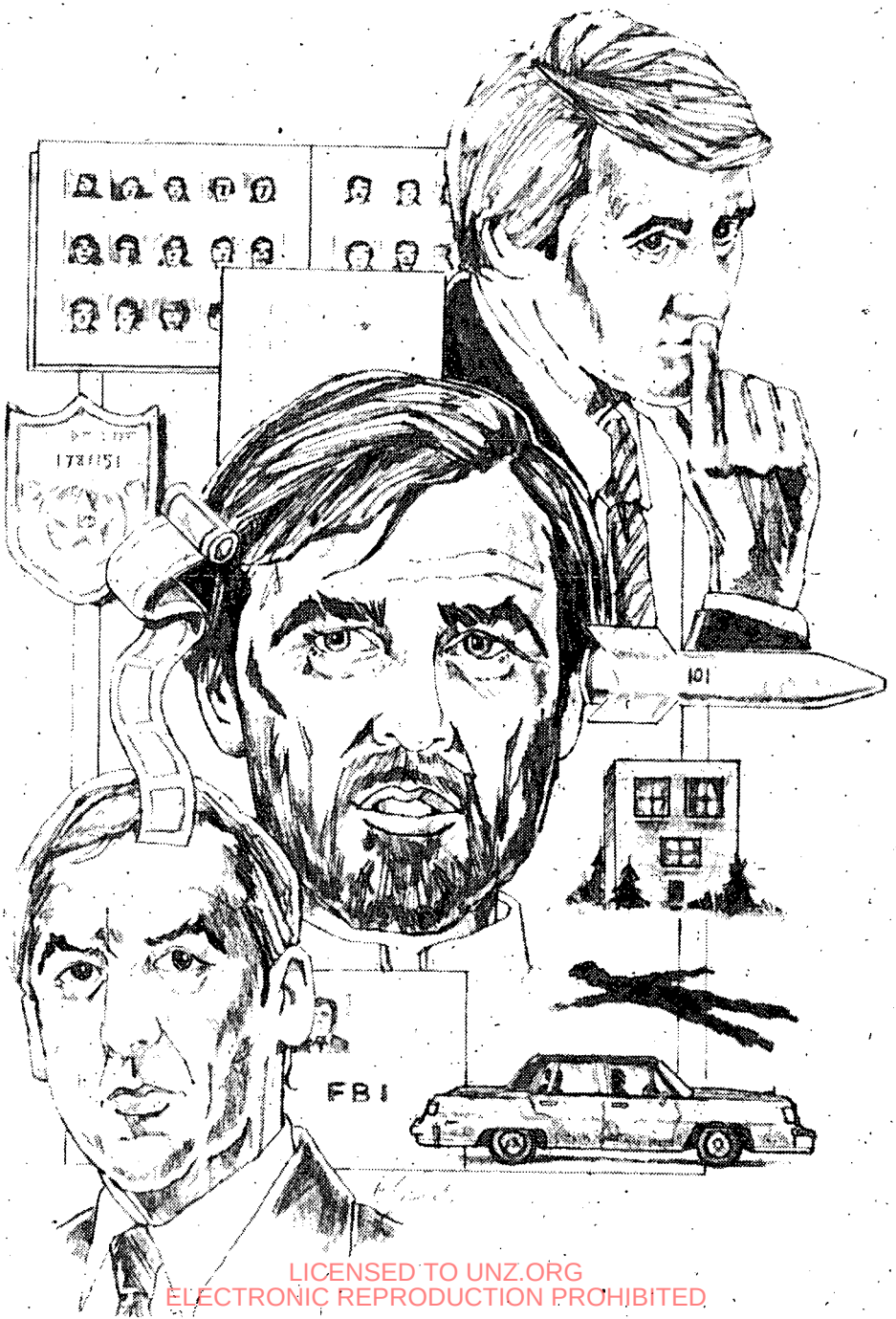

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PROOF NEGATIVE

by Morris Hershman

Skinner was heaping curses on the air conditioning system at headquarters, for laying down on the job over this mid-August weekend. At the sound of purposeful footsteps, he glanced up. Harry Preston, Chief of Detectives, was striding toward him. In one hand the energetic chief carried a file card.

"There's work for you," Preston said. "Go over to see a guy name of Thomas Hardesty at number 18 Claymore Street. Been mugged, apparently. Find the perp if you can."

As Skinner was getting to his feet, the chief remembered something more. "Come into my office first. It's part of the deal."

There was an FBI man named Graham sitting in the chief's office. It seemed that the mugging had taken place before twelve the night before, but Graham knew there wasn't much chance of nailing whoever was responsible and had waited till morning to come over with the squeal. The Bureau was forbidden to investigate this (or any) civil matter on its own, though they were involved. The victim was doing key work on a government contract of the sort that might interest undercover people from a foreign country. As a result, an eye was kept out for Hardesty's welfare.

Skinner didn't feel too good about this. The Fed was going to be sniffing around while Skinner went through the paces on this particular case. And he didn't like it. He didn't

Illustration by Michael Sullivan

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like *him*.

Graham allowed himself one look at the opened top button of Skinner's shirt and hardly talked directly to him again. FBI guys didn't sweat, Skinner supposed wryly . . .

18 Claymore Street was a newish two-story building with a garage in back, just the sort of place Skinner would have liked to buy for his wife and kids, if he could ever get ahead of his expenses. Finding a parking space for the squad car took ten minutes. Graham, who had followed in a four-wheel yacht, nodded at a heavy man sitting in another huge car at the curb. Apparently, Mr. Thomas Hardesty was in at least fair condition by now.

Skinner was first at the door. From inside, a hesitant voice asked who was there.

"Police. For Mr. Hardesty."

"Oh. Well, put your I.D. card up against the peephole where I can see it."

Graham, coming up behind Skinner, called out, "It's all right, Mr. Hardesty."

The door was opened slowly. Hardesty turned out to be a small, thin man with a full, brown-grey beard. His story was quickly told: He and his friend had been home, the latter "downstairs, like she is now, watching some idiot program on the tube," when somebody knocked on the door. After opening it to a man he'd never seen before and couldn't coherently describe now, Hardesty had been hit several times and left writhing on the floor. The mugger had been alerted to a possible interruption, and ran off.

"It could hardly have happened at a worse time," Hardesty added. "I'm in the last stages of a job involving a section of new heat-seeking target finders over at Darnell Systems. This baby ought to make *Star Wars* equipment as old fashioned as a water pistol."

"Please, Mr. Hardesty," the FBI man said, but it was an order. "You don't have to go into that."

Hardesty looked frustrated, probably not for the first time, having wanted to brag to some stranger about his ingenuity. Skinner sympathized. Once or twice in the course of his work, he'd been to the Darnell buildings, and, he remembered, his every step had been as closely supervised as the way this snooty Fed was overseeing Hardesty right now. It was no surprise that a proud professional like

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Hardesty would be galled by this sort of working condition.

Skinner took advantage of the chance to rub Graham's patrician nose in the dirt. "I'm amazed that you people let this mugging happen."

"Our man came running, but the creep was gone in a minute and got clean away."

"Did your guy get a look at him?"

"There wasn't any time for that."

Skinner nodded as if to say that nobody could expect anything else from a Fed. He turned away to Hardesty, acting as if the engineer was free to make up his own mind.

"A picture of the perpetrator might be in our violent criminal files downtown, Mr. Hardesty. Can you come with me and take a look?"

It was Graham who decided that, of course. "Tomorrow morning ought to do it. Mr. Hardesty has a lot of work to get done now, and he's feeling better. A few more hours aren't going to make much difference."

Skinner had to give in. Next morning, at a call from Records, he hurried over there. The Department artist had just about finished drawing a sketch from Thomas Hardesty's description of the mugger. Hardesty, looking as if he was sitting on eggs, leafed through a photograph album of mug shots. Near the end of the book, he looked startled at the sight of one picture.

Rausch, the top honcho at Records, followed his gaze and said, "That's Marty Tolliver, a local strong-arm man who only works on assignment. Got an alibi for this caper, though. You'd better believe it!"

The FBI man who was with them, somebody Skinner had never seen before, looked up questioningly.

"Tolliver was found dead this morning, near the Meck," the Roach answered, using the local term for the river tributary five miles east of town. "Not our jurisdiction, but I did get a report on it."

Skinner pursed his lips. "Murder?"

"I don't know, good buddy."

Back at his desk, Skinner put a call through to a friend and colleague, Detective Dan O'Malley, in the city of Korit. O'Malley sounded rushed, but took the time to help.

"Somebody fought with Tolliver and then he had a heart attack on top of it," O'Malley said, after the shortest ex-

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planation Skinner could make. "Very appropriate for a strong-arm. He's been dead for a day, at most. Probably it happened close to where he was found."

"Had anything been taken from his pockets?" Skinner asked, after a moment's thought. "Could you tell? If he got mugged in turn, like you suggested, Dan, it seems possible."

"As a matter of fact, about half of his pockets had been turned inside out."

Thoughtfully, Skinner went back to Records. The room was empty, though Roach came back in a minute. Hardesty and his FBI escort had left at the latter's insistence.

"I'm bringing them back here," Skinner said, mulishly. "Both of them."

He managed to get Preston's agreement without having to say exactly what was on his mind. The chief enjoyed bugging the FBI, although there were some agents he happened to like. A phone call to Darnell Systems got the information that Mr. Hardesty wouldn't be available until eight o'clock that night.

"I'll stick around till then," Skinner promised grimly. "Ask the FBI people to have Graham come out with Hardesty, will you, Chief? I particularly want him back if it's at all possible."

Preston asked a Fed he knew and liked if that could be done. It sounded as if both men were so glad to inconvenience Graham that neither one asked Skinner what was going down.

Hardesty and Graham reached headquarters at about eight. The chief set up a meeting in his own office, which was so quickly crowded another chair had to be brought in.

"I'll make this as short as possible," Skinner said. "I know what happened last night and why."

Graham, biting his lower lip, looked everywhere but directly at Skinner, as usual.

"Mr. Hardesty is carefully watched so that the Russians, say, can't possibly get to him while he's doing this particularly important government work. Last night, a mugger came to his house, hit Mr. Hardesty, and was caught outside by the Bureau guard or guards."

"Prove it," Graham snapped.

"Whoever was on the job hustled Tolliver into a car, made sure that a replacement agent came on duty, and then he

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or they took off with the mugger. The Bureau wanted to know if somebody had hired Tolliver to do that particular job, or if the mugging was part of a scam in which Mr. Hardesty would actually give valuable papers to the representative of an Iron Curtain country. Mr. Hardesty would have to act in some unusual way if he wanted to get the stuff out, right under your eyes."

Hardesty nodded grimly, a man who clearly hated the continual tension under which the Bureau supervision was forcing him to live.

"I suppose Tolliver was taken to the nearest quiet spot, then hauled out of the car and searched for the papers or microfilm. When only half the job was done, he saw an opportunity to get away. A fight resulted. The stress brought on a heart attack and he died. Rather than make an embarrassing report to civil authorities, the agents just left and scattered. In the morning, most likely because Mr. Hardesty would be sore that the holier-than-thou Bureau people didn't hesitate to cover up a crime, a selective report was made to the local police. From your point of view, then, the innocent Mr. Hardesty gave away too much when he saw a mug

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Years later, Msgr. Giovanni Battista Montini was proclaimed Pope Paul VI by the College of Cardinals in Rome. The Vatican had run VESSEL from its Tokyo and Dublin embassies in one of the most flagrant abuses of religious and diplomatic immunity ever recorded.

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shot of the guy who had victimized him."

Hardesty, who had nodded through Skinner's reconstruction, at the mention of his name nodded once more.

Graham looked at Skinner for once, a small triumph. "And what do you think you can do about it?"

"Nothing," Skinner admitted. "The Bureau can truthfully claim that the country's interest is vital and what happened was accidental. But I want you to know I wasn't fooled for long. Mr. Hardesty, in his turn, might be interested in another proof of what some of his firm's contractee agents really think of him."

Graham was talking to the chief again. "I'd appreciate two minutes of your time. Now please."

Preston had no choice.

"Ask your detective to escort Mr. Hardesty out to the anteroom and wait for me," Graham added.

Preston's look reinforced the suggestion. Skinner, getting to his feet, wondered if he'd ever get enough ahead of himself financially to tell them all what to do with their jobs.

He led the way into the wide anteroom. "Nice to have met you, Mr. Hardesty."

"Likewise." Hardesty's grip joined Skinner's as the men shook hands. "And I'm not surprised to know what the Feds, some of them, think I'm capable of doing. In fact, I'm damned well sick of most of them."

Skinner made a fist of his hand as he withdrew it, swiftly put the hand in his pocket so as not to lose the microfilm that had been handed over; the microfilm that he'd soon bring to those people who would be paying heavily for it. The idea had worked, bringing Hardesty to headquarters where the stuff could be passed along. It had cost him the future services of one of his best informers, Marty Tolliver, but everything had its price.

The two men were standing awkwardly in the anteroom when Graham opened the chief's door and came out. There was a smile on the FBI man's lips. He had used some muscle with the local and got an agreement that was perfectly satisfactory. In his exultation, he even smiled at the detective who had behaved as if he was putting one over on him, and the Bureau as well. He wasn't surprised at not getting any kind of a smile in return. All locals were a bunch of soreheads.

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ON JUDGMENT DAY

By
John Lutz

It's on this bleak Dublin morning that they're about to hang O'Hara. We go far back, do O'Hara and I, to the time when I was a youth of fourteen on my father's retreat and fishing resort on the wild North Coast.

It was then that O'Hara was the most wanted of the organization terrorists in Ireland, fresh from shooting the kneecaps off a treasonous pub owner in Londonderry. On the run, was O'Hara, and the English had never so much as caught a

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glimpse or obtained a description of who they were seeking. They chased a rumor here, a false lead there, and shadow was all they caught.

I remember when first I laid eyes on O'Hara. When I stumbled one bright afternoon into my father's office, straight from a hapless day's fishing, there was a giant redheaded man registering at the desk. He had on a short-sleeved shirt that revealed powerful forearms, and it was easy to imagine a ship or an eagle tattooed beneath the material stretched tight over his massive chest. There was the very smack of adventure in the way he talked and carried himself.

With the redheaded man, nearly hidden behind his bulk, was someone who, once caught in my eye, held me fascinated in my youth. *Kate* turned out to be her name. She was in her early twenties but seemed nearer my own age, so small and fine was she. The thing about her was in her crystal-brilliant green eyes and her gold hair that fell to her bone-narrow shoulders. When she saw me staring at her, she smiled tolerantly and mortally wounded me.

"Carry Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon's bags to their cabin, Johnny lad," said my father.

Gladly, I obeyed, hoisting a large case and a flowered valise.

"I'll just take this one, Johnny," said the redheaded Muldoon, and picked up a medium-sized leather suitcase as if it were empty, and followed me down the wooden steps and along the path to the secluded cabin on the edge of the green woods overlooking the green sea.

"Boats are free for those renting a cabin, and can be found down at the pier," I said to Muldoon in the cabin, looking all the while at Kate, who in some embarrassment looked away.

"Your father told me, lad," said the redheaded giant, and handed me down a pound note.

Over the next week, my enchantment with Kate didn't escape the notice of my parents, though my father said not a word. It was my mother who one day warned me, "You quit gaping at Mrs. Muldoon lest her husband throw you like a dart."

I didn't answer her but with a nod. I hadn't suspected I was so obvious.

It was that very night that I heard the arguing coming from the Muldoon cabin, angry voices I couldn't quite understand.

The next morning, Kate seemed beaten down, and there was a redness about her fine eyes.

"Is everything all right?" I impulsively asked her in a soft whisper, as I untied their fishing skiff from the pier.

She glanced at me, surprised,

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and nodded. I stood on the dock and watched the redheaded Muldoon steer the tiny boat out into a sea broken by the reef but still choppy and capped with foam.

For the first time, I experienced a strong protective instinct toward a woman, and I realized that while the Muldoons were out fishing, their cabin stood empty. Perhaps, if I looked, I might find some evidence of the redheaded giant mistreating his companion, or even holding her captive of sorts, and could bring about her rescue and gratitude. So it was that I, love-stricken fool, let myself into their cabin through a rear window.

I was disappointed to find nothing in the least unusual, except for a pretty pink dress that Kate would have no use for here. I ran the soft silk of it along my cheek and let it drop back into place on its hanger in the cedar closet. The thought of Kate in the dress was a sharp ache in me.

When I was about to leave, feeling ashamed, was when I spotted the corner of the leather suitcase, the one the redheaded man had insisted on carrying, beneath the bed. I dragged it out, unbuckled its thick straps, and opened it.

In the quiet, hot stillness of the cabin, I almost fell in a faint.

Inside the suitcase was a weapon I later learned was an Israeli Uzi submachine gun; as well as a pistol, and some substance in a wooden box that turned out to be plastique explosives. And there were newspaper clippings about the shooting of the pub owner in Londonderry the week before.

I drew in my breath, remembering then that O'Hara was rumored to like young girls and to bring them with him on his travels. "Sainted mother!" I said, actually crossing myself even as I closed the suitcase and placed it back under the bed exactly as I'd found it.

There was nothing for it but to tell my father. Not a political man, he. There was nothing for him to do but to telephone the law.

"You stay well clear of that cabin," he said to me, his face ashen as he hung up the phone. "The English are sending a force for that man, and he won't go along peaceably, you can be sure."

I nodded, walked onto the back porch, and watched the sun inch down to the horizon. Excitement fueled my pounding heart. And something else.

I couldn't help it. I leaped from the porch and cut through the darkening woods to the Muldoon cabin. Through the window I looked, and saw them sitting at the tiny kitchenette table eating a light supper.

So I crept around to where their small Hillman sedan sat

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parked. Staying low, I opened the car's door, depressed the clutch with my hand, and slipped the shift lever into neutral. Then I shoved the car so that it rolled down the slight grade, off the dirt road, to rest against a tree. I swallowed then and knocked on the cabin door.

"Your car has rolled off, sir," I said, when the redheaded Muldoon himself answered my knock.

He craned his thick neck to look, then cursed. "Thank you, lad," he said, and walked toward the car, shutting the cabin door behind him.

Well, I couldn't just walk in, so I went back around to the rear of the cabin to where I'd peered in the window. Kate was still at the table, sipping tea from a cracked blue cup.

"Kate!" I whispered hoarsely, not having to speak loudly because the window was partially raised. Her head jerked around, long hair swinging in a graceful arc. At first she was shocked, then she smiled and walked over as I beckoned.

"They're coming for Muldoon!" I said.

Her green eyes widened, luminous in the failing light. "What?"

"The English are coming for this Muldoon you're with!" I knew he wasn't her husband; he couldn't be! "He's O'Hara, the terrorist!"

She grinned and said, "Bosh to you, young Johnny."

"It's true, I swear! Look in the suitcase he keeps beneath the bed! Then get away before the shooting starts!" I could hear the hum of the Hillman's motor as Muldoon backed the car up the hill toward the cabin.

As I watched, Kate quickly dragged out the suitcase and looked at its militant contents. Her face grew frightened and sad.

"Out now, while you have the chance!" I pleaded.

She gazed at me with a curious kind of new respect I still hold dear, then she nodded and climbed out the window.

It wasn't ten minutes later that the English arrived to find the redheaded man on the cabin porch, looking for Kate. Smart and quick, he was. No sooner had they shouted a warning than he broke for one of their own vehicles sitting with its engine idling, ducking bullets as he ran.

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Ten years ago it all happened. And now, finally, we've run O'Hara to ground and the dread hanging day is here.

I can picture O'Hara on the scaffold now, her crystal green eyes yet clear and defiant, her blond hair taken by the wind like a flaxen banner.

But no, that's a poetic misconception of my own devising. It's hoods the condemned wear when they're hanged; black hoods.

It had never occurred to me, so long ago, that O'Hara would be using a man for cover and diversion. For it was the *same* young woman — O'Hara herself — often reported in the company of whatever poor devil she was traveling with at the time. Like the hapless Muldoon, gunned down years ago; a victim of British bullets, O'Hara's guile, and my innocent heart.

Was it knowing Kate O'Hara that prompted my own life to change course so that I joined the organization as an undercover agent for the British? Was it a young boy not able to glimpse the steel and the killer's resolve within her?

It's true I can't forget her words to me before she melted into the woods behind the cabin, or the cool, light press of her lips on my own.

"God bless you, young Johnny Bender," she fervently whispered, "for helping a naive and foolish girl gone astray to return to family, safety and sanity!" So saying, she disappeared into darkness and time.

And never since have I trusted anyone.

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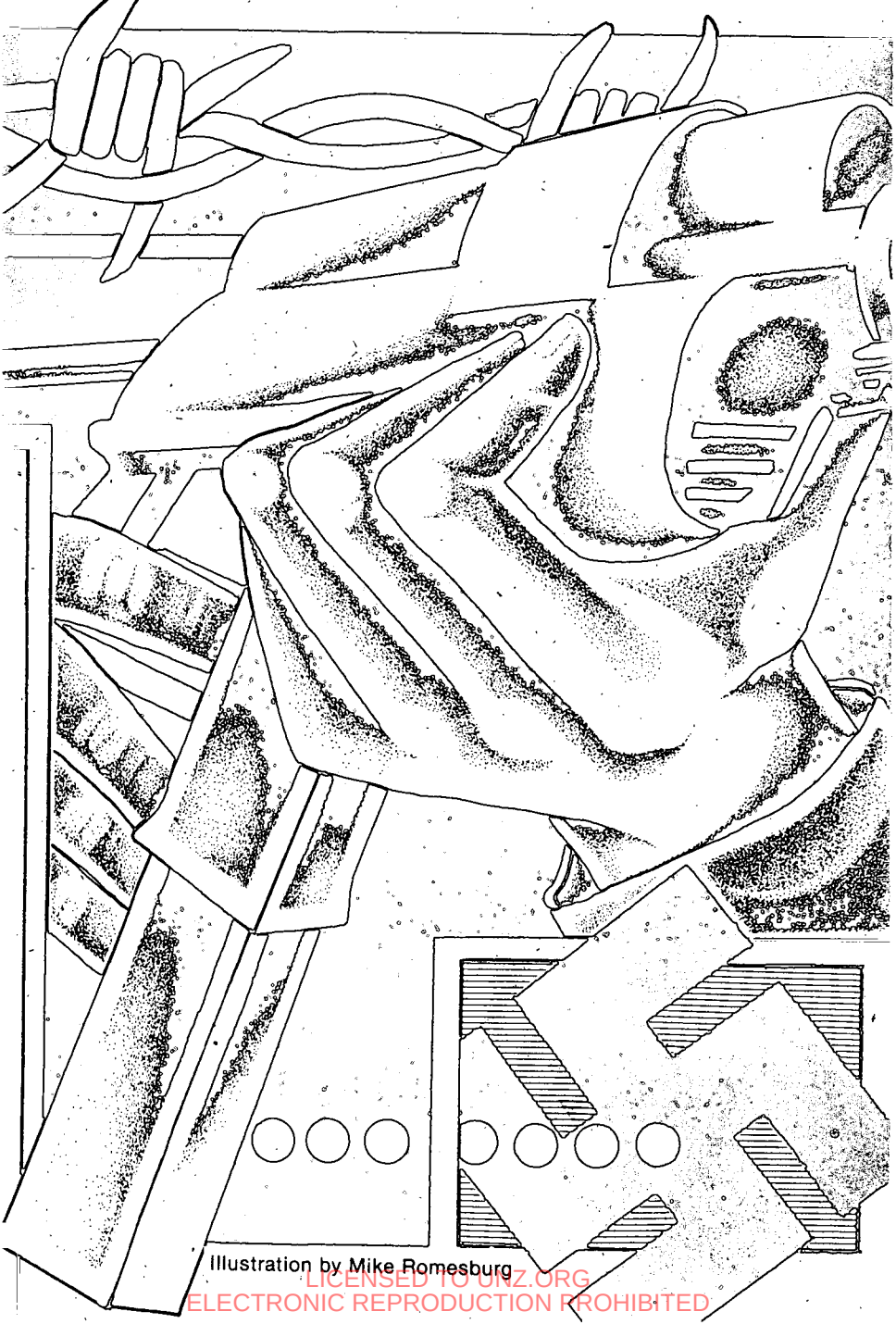

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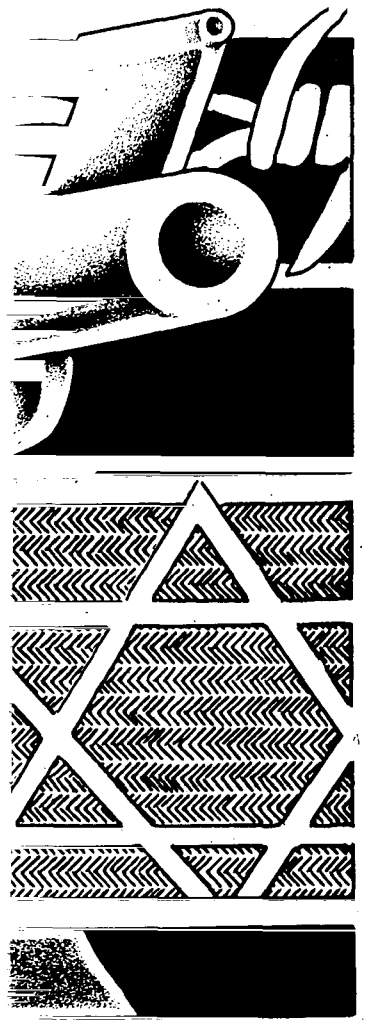

RABBI OF BERLIN

by Mel Waldman

James J. O'hara was a massive man. Sixty years old, six feet six inches tall, the handsome Irish Catholic wore a mane of silver white hair. His azure eyes scanned and took in Edward MacDonald, OSS operator. MacDonald, a thirty-three year old blond, green-eyed Irish-American, six feet one inch tall, seemed small next to O'hara.

On November 15, 1943, they met at the Bristol Hotel in Paris.

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During dinner, O'hara spoke in his characteristically soft manner: "Have you heard of Dr. Samuel Holt?"

"Holt? The name rings a bell . . . yes, Dr. Holt, the scientist. Wasn't he killed by the Nazis while trying to get out of Berlin?"

"You're close, Ed. Dr. Robert Holt was killed. His father, Dr. Samuel Holt, is still alive. He's in Theresienstadt concentration camp, to the east of Prague."

"How did he get there?" asked MacDonald.

"Six months ago, he was arrested by the Gestapo. Holt's the leading German Jewish theologian. When the Gestapo grabbed him, he was the chief rabbi of Berlin."

"So why was he sent to Theresienstadt?"

"Apparently he was transferred there to keep us from rescuing him. For a long time, we didn't know where he was."

"General, why would we want to rescue the former chief rabbi of Berlin? What's the point?"

O'hara paused momentarily. "Dr. Holt has access to information the Germans need desperately. Information that could mean salvation for the crumbling Reich."

"Salvation. You mean . . . a German victory?"

"Yes. Ed, Germany could win the war with this information . . . Now, let me explain what I have in mind for you.

"Ed, you know it's impossible to take a German staff car through the lines."

"I suppose so, General."

"Of course it is!" O'hara insisted. "The lines are very fluid. And there's plenty of chaos on both eastern and western fronts. A helluva lot of confusion; and if someone were to travel only at night, he could get to Prague and see what was going on there. Then, at the proper moment, he could liberate Dr. Holt."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps?" roared O'hara. "My God! My proposal is simple, straightforward, and reasonable. Someone could free Dr. Holt and then go east, join the Red Army, and then come west with the Russians. He could pose as a liberated American prisoner-of-war making his way to his own lines."

After a long silence, MacDonald replied. "Yes, it's possible, General. I'll go through the staff roster and see if I can dig out some German-speaking Czechs or Czech Russian-speaking men. I'll find them; don't worry."

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"No! No! No!" cried O'hara. "That's not the thing to do. What I have in mind is that you should do it. You're the man for the job."

"Me?" asked MacDonald, his face flushed. "Not me!" he protested.

"Don't underestimate yourself, Ed. You're the miracle man who sweet-talked the commander of the German garrison in the Cherbourg arsenal into surrender during Neptune."

"Yeah, that's me; sweet-talkin' MacDonald. But. . ."

"Ed, I want you to do it!" O'hara insisted.

"But General, my German isn't very good. And I don't speak Czech. And it seems to me that I'm simply the wrong fellow to do it."

"No. I have a lot of confidence in you. It's your baby and you can take with you anyone you want."

MacDonald sighed. "Okay, General, I'll do it. You're the OSS director. I gotta believe you know what you're talkin' about."

"Terrific! Now, choose your men and meet me here next Friday. We'll go over the plans once more. And remember, Ed, we can't fail."

On Friday, November 22, 1943, O'hara met with MacDonald and two German-speaking Czechs employed by the OSS: Jan Pavletich and Eduard Keszthelyi. At midnight, the meeting ended.

MacDonald, Pavletich, and Keszthelyi separated outside the Bristol Hotel. Across from 112 fbg St-Honore, 8e, the tall stranger watched. MacDonald walked north along Saint Honore, turned south, and headed for the Champs-Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe. Pavletich headed south toward the place du Concorde. Keszthelyi headed east toward the Palais Royal. The stranger waited a few minutes and then followed one of the OSS agents into the long Paris night.

MacDonald returned to his headquarters on the German border, where he obtained a German staff officer's limousine, a large Daimler-Benz with blinds which could be pulled down. And he got the services of a German-speaking driver, Private John Heller. He was ready for his mission.

On November 25, 1943, MacDonald left his headquarters at the old resort town of Bad Nauheim. Jan Pavletich and Eduard Keszthelyi traveled with him. Wearing a German greatcoat over a U.S. Army field uniform, MacDonald posed

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as a German general.

They drove only at night, and hid in the woods and abandoned farms by day. They had entered the German lines east of Nuremburg when the German police stopped their car.

When the police came over, Private John Heller said: "Wir haben es eilig!" (*We are in a hurry!*)

"Das macht nichts," the tallest German said defiantly. "Wir haben es eilig! Verstehen Sie?"

"Ich verstehe nicht!" the policeman said mockingly.

"Wie bitte?" (*What was that you said?*) shouted MacDonald. "Wie bitte?"

The German gazed at MacDonald, whom he had not noticed until that moment. Believing him to be a German general, the policeman apologized and waved his car on.

As soon as the German police were out of sight, Private Heller said to MacDonald: "Christ! I thought they had us. But you made one helluva convincing German general."

"Only said two words," MacDonald said humbly. "And I don't know any more."

"Well, it worked," said Private Heller. "It worked."

They crossed the Danube at Passau, a town near the Austrian border, drove on through the southern tip of the Bohemian Forest, and then drove across the northern tip of Austria, entering Czechoslovakia near the small Czech frontier town of Ruda. They took secondary roads and circled the southern edges of Prague. During the 2000-mile journey behind German lines, MacDonald's car was stopped four or five times. Each time, the German police waved it on; they believed it was carrying a German general.

Heading east, they encountered a Red Army tank spearhead in Moravia. Sighting the Red Army tank column, MacDonald abandoned the car in a wood. Then he threw away the General's greatcoat. Making sure he still had his gold, he headed for the Russian command post; he and his party posing as escaped prisoners of war. Fortunately, for MacDonald's party, the Russians spoke English.

MacDonald's group traveled with the Russians for four days. When the column neared Prague, MacDonald said goodbye. He seized a Tatra automobile and entered Prague.

MacDonald contacted Stephan Gulovich, a renowned actor of the Czech theater, with whom he and his men spent the night. The following day, MacDonald contacted the

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Czech underground and made plans to liberate Dr. Holt.

On December 5, 1943, MacDonald assembled a small party of tough Czech sten gunners. He and the Czechs drove out to Theresienstadt, where they found a vast camp filled with eldrich faces of death. Thousands of emaciated faces gazed with glossy eyes at the rescue party, through the electrical wire fences.

When MacDonald signaled, the party burst through the camp gates. Almost immediately, they located the SS camp commandant. Pointing their submachine guns at his belly, they demanded that he lead them to Dr. Holt.

The SS man took them to a small house in the northeast section of the camp. Ten minutes later, in a locked room on the fourth floor, they found a small, shriveled Jew with piercing green eyes and a long silver beard. The elfish figure sat on the edge of an iron cot.

"Removing the Mauser from his pocket, he adjusted the silencer. Such children, he thought, as he pointed the Mauser at their heads."

"Dr. Holt?" asked MacDonald.

"That is I," said the little man.

"I am Edward MacDonald of the Office of Strategic Services, United States Army. The President of the United States has sent me here to set you free. We must leave now. There's no time to waste."

"I see," said Dr. Holt, a look of astonishment slowly moving across his ghostly face. Pausing momentarily, he announced: "I really should stay here. I must look after my ministry. I am the rabbi of the camp."

"We do not have much time," interrupted MacDonald. "Please get your things together."

They stayed at 327 Stalinova, in the center of Prague, and that night MacDonald made plans to get Dr. Holt out of the city. In the old rabbi's room, he informed Dr. Holt: "It is not safe to leave tonight. And of course, there is the matter of the papers."

"What papers, Mr. MacDonald?"

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"Your son's papers."

"There are no papers, Mr. MacDonald!"

"Of course there are! Your son, Dr. Robert Holt, was killed for those papers. And we have reason to believe that he gave them to you before he was killed by the Germans."

"No. You see, Mr. MacDonald, I have a photographic memory. A gift from childhood, you might say. My son Robert, may he rest in peace, also had a photographic memory. He did not know if he would live to see the U.S.A., so after he memorized his long scientific paper, word for word, he gave me the paper to read, to study, to memorize and burn.

"Robert's last words were: 'Father, I may not live to join the Manhattan Project, but God willing, my findings must be delivered to the Americans. If the Germans get these papers, they could win the war!' 'Never!' I shouted. 'Never!' And Robert whispered: 'I love you, Father. Pray for me and the free world!' I kissed Robert goodbye and never saw him again."

"So the papers are. . ."

". . . embedded in my old mind, Mr. MacDonald. And not one word lost."

"Terrific!" said MacDonald. "I'll get paper and pen and you'll write down your son's findings — word for word."

"Not yet, Mr. MacDonald. Once we get to America. . ."

"Dr. Holt, I have been ordered to get those papers to the President of the United States. Immediately!"

"I agree it is an urgent matter. But the Germans must not get their hands on. . ."

"We'll be leaving tomorrow night. Your safety is ensured."

"Before, you told me it *wasn't* safe."

"That's true. But arrangements are being made, and by tomorrow night. . ."

"I do not understand."

"I have been ordered by the President of the United States to get those papers. If you died before we reached America — before you had time to write down the findings — then. . ."

"Yes, I see. Of course. I am an old man. You may get the paper and pen."

As Dr. Holt wrote the paper, MacDonald paced back and forth. "Why don't you leave the room, Mr. MacDonald? This

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will take time."

"Of course," agreed MacDonald. Before leaving, he glanced at the paper, and said: "Why, you're writing in German!"

"Yes, it is more easy for me to write in German. My English is not that good."

"It sounds fine to me."

"There is such little time left . . . I can think more clearly in German."

"Of course; whatever is best for you."

"And how is your German, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Very poor, I'm afraid."

"I see. Well, if you don't mind, I'll continue. . ."

"Yes, and I'll leave the room. You will not be disturbed anymore, Dr. Holt."

Downstairs, Pavletich and Heller were playing rummy. Keszthelyi wasn't there. MacDonald had sent him to Stephan Gulovich's house to get a wireless set. No one else was in the house.

MacDonald slipped quietly down the stairs. Removing the Mauser from his pocket, he adjusted the silencer. Momentarily, he paused to listen to Pavletich accuse Heller of cheating. Such children, he thought, as he pointed the Mauser at their heads. First, he blew off Pavletich's head. A second later, as Heller looked quizzically at MacDonald, his face was blown asunder. "Heil, Hitler!" the German spy murmured. "Heil, Hitler!"

MacDonald expected Keszthelyi back in an hour. His eyes glowed excitedly, filled with his triumph at getting the information which would enable Germany to win the war. In an hour, he would kill Keszthelyi. In the meantime, he would again check on Dr. Holt.

He entered the room and smiled at Dr. Holt. "How is it coming?"

"Very well."

"How much longer?"

"Another few hours."

"Good."

"Would you like to read what I've written so far?"

"Oh, my German is very poor," said the spy, "though I might be able to make out a few words. Let me see."

Dr. Holt gave him the first few paragraphs to read:

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Spezielles und Allgemeines
Relativitätsprinzip

Nachdem sich die Einführung
des speziellen Relativitätsprinzips
bewährt hat, mus es jedem nach
Verallgemeinerung strebenden
Geiste verlockend erscheinen,
den Schritt zum allgemeinen
Relativitätsprinzip zu wagen

Aber eine einfache, scheinbar
ganz zuverlässige Betrachtung
läst einen solchen Versuch
zunächst aussichtslos erscheinen.

"What is this?" shouted MacDonald.

"My son's paper!"

"I do not appreciate your sense of humor, Dr. Holt. And this is not your son's paper."

"What do you mean?"

"This is an extract from the works of Einstein, entitled, 'The Special and General Theory of Relativity.' "

"So it is. How were you able to determine this?"

Smiling sardonically, MacDonald pointed the Mauser at Dr. Holt. "How did you figure it out?"

"I wasn't sure. But you insisted I write down my son's findings, now, and I thought that was unwise. And I thought, if the Germans get these papers . . . Well, I simply suspected, so I put you to the test."

"You're a brilliant man, Dr. Holt. And certainly bright enough to know that you *will* provide me with the proper information."

"I do not have the information. The papers are in Berlin."

"You're lying! You will give me the papers or you will die!"

"You will not kill me! Not until you have the papers."

"Perhaps you *will* live . . . to be tortured in the most incredible manner."

"Yes . . . I suppose," said Dr. Holt. After pausing momentarily, he asked: "What happened to Mr. MacDonald?"

"Mr. MacDonald? He had an accident in Paris."

"I see."

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"No, you don't!" shouted the German. "It was a perfect plan!"

"It failed!"

"No, it didn't!"

"Yes, it did," whispered Dr. Holt. "The papers are well hidden in Berlin."

"Where are they?"

"You will have to kill me!" insisted Dr. Holt.

The German proceeded to interrogate Dr. Holt. And, obsessed with his grand mission, he was oblivious of time and space.

Downstairs, Keszthelyi entered the house and found the dead bodies. Quietly, almost holding his breath for fear of making a sound, he climbed the stairs. He listened to the voices coming from Dr. Holt's room and clutched his sten gun. Had MacDonald killed Pavletich and Heller? Why? And why was he screaming in German? How could it be? MacDonald didn't speak German . . .

Crashing through the door, he cried out: "Drop that gun!"

The German swung around, and as he pointed his Mauser at Keszthelyi, the OSS man fired three fatal shots.

Using the wireless set, Keszthelyi sent a coded message to O'hara. A Black Widow night fighter was to be sent immediately to a no longer used airfield on the outskirts of Prague.

Keszthelyi and Dr. Holt got into a Tatra and headed for the airstrip. Enroute to the airstrip, they saw several German cars approaching. "Christ!" cried Keszthelyi, "the Germans broke our code, too!"

He sped toward the airstrip, and in a little while, they heard the aero engines of the Black Widow. Hurrying, Keszthelyi and Dr. Holt boarded the plane while the pilot kept his engines running. They took off as the German cars came rushing onto the airfield.

"We're off to Paris, Dr. Holt, and then to the U.S.A."

"Thank God!" cried Dr. Holt.

"By the way, Dr. Holt, where *are* your son's documents?"

"Why, in my head, of course. Safely stored for the President of the United States."

"Thank God!" said Keszthelyi.

"Yes, we must thank Him, indeed."

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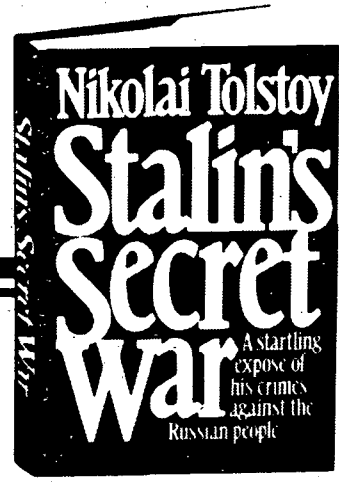
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

— Joseph Sobran
National Review



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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself. . . .

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains

prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them. . . .

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really [illegible]. He was

otism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of astounding degree. This book makes

of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patri-

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

Stalin's Secret War is a stupendous book.

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INTERVIEW: Ernest Volkman

"The most important thing to remember about American intelligence," Ernest Volkman once told a Washington seminar, "is that sometimes they get it right, very often they get it wrong, and sometimes they're somewhere in between."

Like a number of other such assertions, Volkman's comments aggravated some *doyens* of the U.S. intelligence community, who do not like criticisms from a man they consider among their worst enemies. Besides, Volkman is regarded as an "outsider" to that community, since he has never served in any official intelligence agency capacity.

It represents, in Volkman's view, the kind of insularity and self-protectiveness that has hampered American intelligence for years — an institution which in any event merits, according to Volkman, very little praise. "The simple fact is," he says, "the American intelligence record over the past four decades can be recited almost purely in terms of error. And this despite the fact that the United States spends more on intelligence — and has a much larger apparatus — than most of the other nations of the world combined, save the Soviet Union. My argument is that we ought to carefully

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examine the reasons for that consistent record of failure, and then correct them. Very frankly, there is no earthly reason why 200 Marines have to die in Lebanon simply because our intelligence doesn't know what the hell is going on out there."

Volkman readily admits that he is a critic of American intelligence, but adds that he is fundamentally a constructionist, hoping to spur reforms of the intelligence process and give the United States a real intelligence capability — a capability, he maintains, this country does not have.

Volkman has been articulating this central thesis in various forms for the past twenty years, ever since he first began writing about national security and intelligence operations. A prize-winning reporter with *Newsday* and the *Washington Post News Service*, Volkman left daily journalism in 1977 to pursue a career as a freelance writer, specializing in intelligence. His writings have made him a figure of some controversy in intelligence circles, where he is regarded in some quarters as a persistent gadfly, others as an insightful analyst of intelligence agency deficiencies and failures.

Whatever reaction, there has already been a considerable amount of controversy stirred by his latest book, *Warriors of the Night: Spies, Soldiers and American Intelligence*, published by William Morrow. In addition to a considerable number of revelations about U.S. intelligence operations, the book also includes Volkman's scathing criticisms about the way U.S. intelligence has been conducted.

Espionage magazine recently interviewed Volkman at his New York home in an attempt to find out more about the man himself and his controversial book.

ESPIONAGE: One former intelligence agency executive the other day privately described *Warriors of the Night* as "Ernie Volkman trashes us again." Do you think that's a fair comment?

Volkman: In the sense of the mindset of that gentleman, yes. I'm afraid that sort of reaction is typical of so many of the people at the upper levels of intelligence agencies in this country; they simply do not welcome any examination at all of the way they have been doing business. They conveniently divide the world out there into two distinct classes: either you're 100 per cent for them, or you're some kind of enemy.

ESPIONAGE: In other words, you're saying that because you have the reputation as a critic —

Volkman: No, what I'm saying is it doesn't matter who you are,

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professed critic or not; you're an enemy the minute you question, the minute you even suggest that maybe all the money we pour into intelligence may not be too well spent, in many cases.

ESPIONAGE: Nevertheless, you're a known critic of American intelligence agencies and their operations.

Volkman: I resent the labelling. If you persist in labelling me, call me a concerned citizen and author with some insight into how the intelligence process works. And that insight has convinced me that we should all be concerned about the overall record of failure by our intelligence agencies.

ESPIONAGE: Would "reformist" be a better term?

Volkman: If you insist, but I'm still not comfortable with that sort of labelling. Look, the idea of this book is to present a matter of what I think is abiding public concern to the general reader, the vast mob of taxpayers out there who are supposed to pay for our intelligence operations, along with everything else. Now, they are the ones who are going to have to make the final decisions, it seems to me, via their elected representatives. And the only way in this democracy for people to make decisions is to be informed. And I'm informing them, by my book, on just what the American intelligence community is all about, what kind of money they spend, and what the taxpayers are getting for all that money.

ESPIONAGE: And what do you think they will conclude after reading the book?

Volkman: They'll conclude, I think, that there are serious problems with the structure, operations and methodology of the American intelligence apparatus. Further, that there are some much-needed reforms necessary to get the problems straightened out.

ESPIONAGE: We gather that you don't particularly care what the "professionals" in the intelligence business think.

Volkman: Exactly right; I don't.

ESPIONAGE: Why?

Volkman: Because I feel that they're not the important figures in this political equation I mentioned earlier. I wrote the book for the general reader, not for the bureaucrats who run intelligence agencies.

ESPIONAGE: That sounds a little nasty, doesn't it?

Volkman: No, I didn't mean it that way. What I'm trying to suggest is that American intelligence agencies, like virtually every other component of government, are fundamentally bureaucracies, with all that that implies.

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ESPIONAGE: Meaning what?

Volkman: Meaning that they represent bureaucratic turf to be protected, careers to be nurtured and rendered immune to criticism, and a general mindset that says whatever else happens, cover thy ass. Nobody in the intelligence community is going to give you an objective view of the performance of that community; that's a simple fact of life. When was the last time you heard the director of the CIA or the Defense Intelligence Agency or the National Security Agency get up publicly and announce, "Well, we screwed up, folks, that's all there is to it. We're sorry but we're going to get things straightened out soon."

ESPIONAGE: But you don't reasonably expect them to do that, do you?

Volkman: Of course not, and that's exactly my point. So long as intelligence agencies can wrap themselves in the mantle of "national security," they will continue to function as self-sealed bureaucracies. The fact is that intelligence agencies, like everybody else in this system, operate in a democracy, one of whose cardinal rules is that *everyone* is accountable in some form or another. Everyone at some point is going to have to come before the American taxpayers and say, "All right, here's what we did with your money."

ESPIONAGE: And in the case of the American intelligence agencies, we gather that you feel that the American taxpayers haven't gotten their money's worth?

Volkman: Generally speaking, yes. When you consider that we now have almost 150,000 people working in 200 different U.S. agencies, and that they spend somewhere around $50 billion a year, it is fair to say, I think, that we aren't getting our money's worth, when you consider the gross record of failure, especially in recent times.

ESPIONAGE: Do you mean Vietnam?

Volkman: That's just one example. Even more recently, look what happened in Lebanon; look what happened in Iran several years ago, when we failed to perceive that the shah was on the way out; look what happened in Sinai in 1973, when we were caught completely flatfooted by the Egyptian invasion, and on and on.

ESPIONAGE: Are you saying there are no American intelligence successes?

Volkman: No, that would be an oversimplification. What I'm saying is that the *overall* record of American intelligence is

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dominated by failure — and continues to be so dominated. And that failure will always be the dominant theme, because of the very structure of American intelligence itself.

ESPIONAGE: What kind of structual problems are you talking about?

Volkman: They are too varied and complex to be summarized easily in this context, but let me mention a few; their bureaucratic nature, the fragmentation of many agencies dealing with intelligence, lack of effective congressional oversight, poor direction from the top, and a few others.

ESPIONAGE: The mention of "fragmentation" is interesting; we were under the impression that the United States has a Central Intelligence Agency.

Volkman: It's a common myth. The fact is that the CIA is no more a centralized intelligence agency than is the FBI the central federal law enforcement organization. There is a long tradition in this country of competing centers of power in the federal bureaucracy, intelligence notably among them. We have never had a real central intelligence agency, because the various power centers involved in intelligence — especially in the military — do not want one. It is important to understand that the CIA is only *one* of a number of American intelligence agencies, all of which spend their time fighting with each other.

ESPIONAGE: But surely this sort of infighting is not the sole reason for American intelligence inefficiency?

Volkman: No, but it is one of the more important ones. American intelligence has never spoken with one voice. Consider that the CIA, primarily a civilian intelligence agency, and the DIA, dominated by the military, have been fighting for years on virtually every aspect of Soviet military power. The reason for that is that there is a lot at stake; obviously, the bigger the spectre of the Soviet threat, the more likely Congress will vote the military a lot of money to combat that spectre. Conversely, the less threatening the Soviet menace, the less alarmed Congress (and the American people) will be.

ESPIONAGE: On the other hand, you've been accused of being overly cynical about the intelligence process.

Volkman: Not cynical; realistic. I do not think that there is anything to be gained by the theory I hear expressed in some quarters that the intelligence agencies ought to be given the benefit of the doubt; after all, the argument runs, they are involved in such a difficult and esoteric job, we really shouldn't be so critical.

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Think of their morale! That's nonsense. To subject intelligence agencies and operations to the same sort of standards we impose on all other components of the federal government isn't second-guessing, it's simple good citizenship. Where does it say the intelligence agencies are sacrosanct?

ESPIONAGE: But there's an argument which says that this sort of microscopic examination of intelligence operations is not feasible or desirable, because of the danger of exposure of important intelligence operations. Do you agree with that?"

Volkman: Absolutely not. My book, for example, is careful not to reveal any ongoing intelligence operation, or any that would endanger sources and methods. I have no wish to hurt American intelligence operations, but at the same time I believe strongly, as Milton said, that sunlight is the best disinfectant.

ESPIONAGE: Still, you seem to have angered some people who believe that the less said publicly about intelligence operations, the better.

Volkman: You're right, but I continue to insist that there is nothing to be gained by pretending that we don't have any problems in the intelligence area. The basic fact is that we do, so why not examine the dynamics that cause the problems and try to correct them?

ESPIONAGE: But how do you answer those who say that *Warriors of the Night*, in effect, gives aid and comfort to our enemies; that criticism of American intelligence — at least the public kind — isn't very helpful?

Volkman: That's wrong, tragically wrong. You can't have it both ways, it seems to me. If we want to have a viable, efficient intelligence service — and I do — then we must all understand that it operates in the context of democracy. And that implies playing by the rules of accountability, and so forth. We've learned the hard way that you cannot have one rule of democracy for intelligence agencies, another for the rest of the government.

ESPIONAGE: In the end, given the kind of basic problems outlined in your book, is there any real hope that American intelligence will ever live up to its potential, so to speak?

Volkman: Perhaps not entirely. I like to argue that intelligence itself, a very flawed process to begin with, is at root an extremely inexact science. So too, democracy is a flawed process. And for that reason, perhaps American intelligence will always remain somewhat a flawed process. The question, it seems to me, is *how* flawed.

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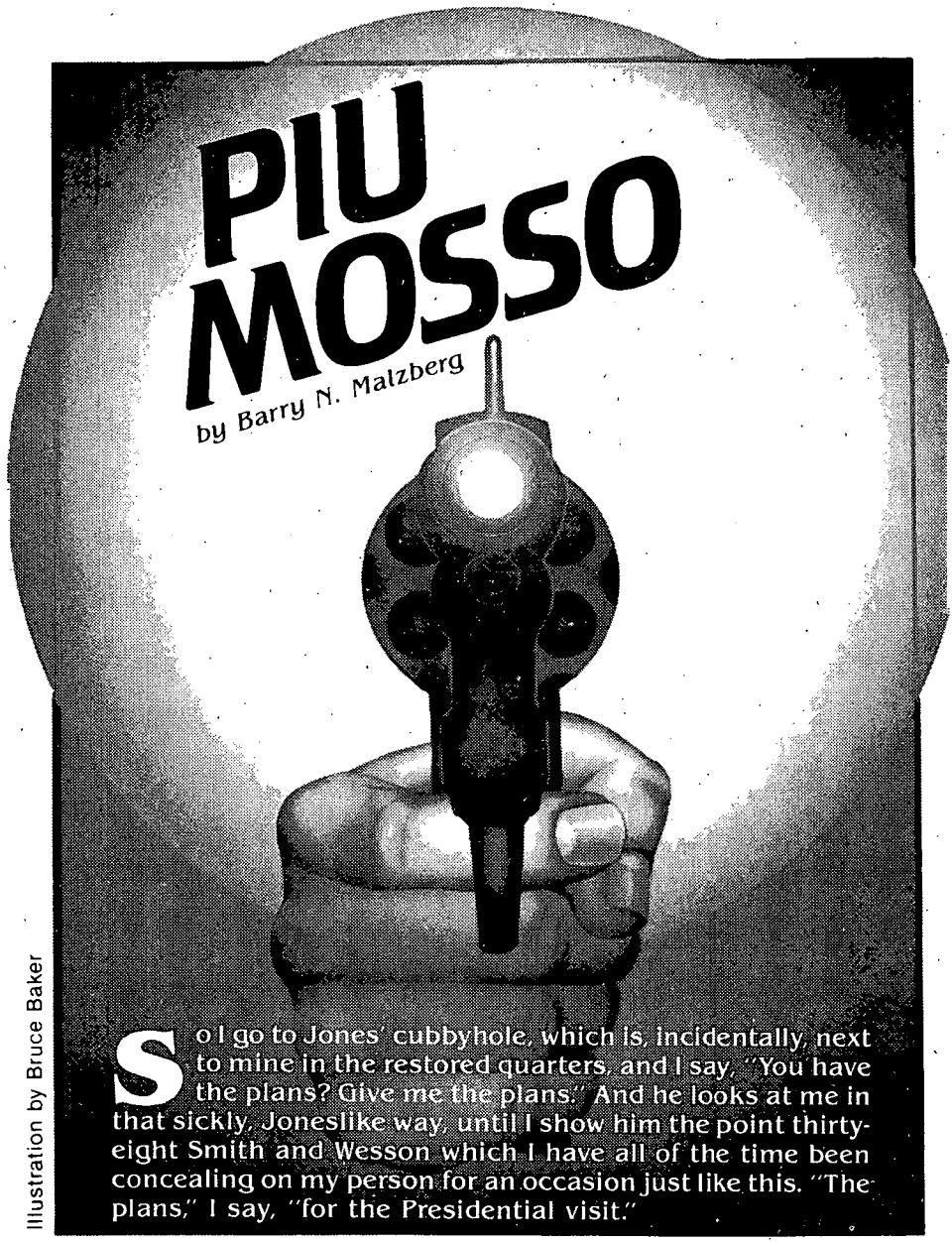
PIU MOSSO

by Barry N. Malzberg



So I go to Jones' cubbyhole, which is, incidentally, next to mine in the restored quarters, and I say, "You have the plans? Give me the plans." And he looks at me in that sickly, Joneslike way, until I show him the point thirty-eight Smith and Wesson which I have all of the time been concealing on my person for an occasion just like this. "The plans," I say, "for the Presidential visit."

Illustration by Bruce Baker

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He stares at me in that oddly tilted fashion which has always so infuriated me. Really, I have never liked Jones; it has taken all of my patience to have worked beside him, exchanged little co-worker's confidences, invented anecdotes of family life over the holidays to jolly him along. It has all been necessary up until this moment when, at last, I can reveal myself. "Come *on*," I say, "the plans." I wave the point thirty-eight, hoping that he will be cooperative. I detest violence. It is enough being a double, no, triple agent without having to deal with blood as well. "I'm running out of patience," I say.

Sheeplike, he looks at me. Truly, his distress is enormous; it is the first nonfabricated reaction I have ever seen in the man. It occurs to me that all of this time he has despised me as much as I him. This says something for his deceptive powers or my own sloppy observation. "I have no plans," he says. He puts his hands, fluttering, on top of the desk. "I'm a tenth level functionary. What would I know about the President's route?"

"Everything. You told me at lunch last March that you had all of the highways and byways of every Presidential occasion. That you knew things no one else here did. Well, now is the time. Let me see them."

"I was lying to you. I was just trying to impress you."

"The plans," I say. "I am running out of patience."

Some hint of conviction in my eye must lend credence to this last statement. My colleague sighs, twitches, moves one distressed hand to the upper right drawer. "No tricks," I say unnecessarily, gesturing with old point thirty-eight, but Jones has no tricks. In his hand, instead, he has papers; they glisten against his palm. "Here," he says, extending them. "The complete itinerary."

"For this afternoon? No tricks, please."

"Of course for this afternoon," Jones says angrily, "do you think that I'd lie to you under circumstances such as these?"

I find this difficult to answer. Indeed, I do not answer. I extend my hand; Jones puts the plans into it. All the time that he was claiming to be a minor level clerk he had access to this information. The liar! The sneak! Even the fact that I knew this to be the case all along does not compensate for my rage. I hate to be played for a fool, even if in the end Jones has been the bigger fool.

"Very well," I say, "now of course it's necessary for me to render you unconscious." He stares at me, round-eyed. "Well, of course," I say, "you might carry a warning and that wouldn't be any good. Not with

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the President due to be here in just a couple of hours. It won't hurt much," I say. "Don't worry about it." I lift the gun, reverse it, take one step forward like a basketball player moving into the lane, and clout him in the temple. Squeaking, he falls across the desk, dissolves into unconsciousness.

Hastily, I withdraw, the plans at the ready, closing the door behind me. With luck, no one will look in for a long time. Civil servants are known for their extended lunch hours. Entire second careers, assignations, alterations of circumstances occur behind closed doors during what are called lunch hours.

I move gracefully through the loft, tucking the gun into concealment. No one looks at me nor do I look at anyone. I could devote pages of exposition to explain the difficult circumstances but it is sufficient to say that civil servants do not have much to do with one another; even their affairs are conducted with one eye on the clock. The fact that at least half of us are double- or triple-agents, with (I am sure) a confused quadruple or two, adds to anonymity, the sense of distance; too much is going on at any given time for us to fixate upon others. It is all that we can do in the Travelling and Visitation Division to keep our own lives straight, let alone those of anyone else. The plans nestle with heavy implication under my arm. Jones had been my closest friend at the division and I had never even known his first name. I had, however, known that he would have the travel arrangements.

I move rapidly down the corridors, thinking about things like urban anonymity, over-technologization, the small and cunning deceptions of politicians. Pseudogemeinschaft. The Presidential visit. At the door, I sniff the hard urban air, turning right, turning left, thinking of what will be the next step. Interception, of course, and then the point thirty-eight again. But what will happen to me then? And what precisely do I hope to gain?

"Fame," someone says behind me, "reputation. That is what you hope to gain. Gun down the President and obtain immortality. Move down several notches on the career and salary plan, but what do you care? Life is not solely a matter of moving vertically in grade."

I turn, find myself staring at the President himself. He is in disguise, of course, but alert to his tactics, I recognize him immediately. "Sssh," he says conspiratorially as I am about to bellow my recognition, "stay calm. I'm not really supposed to be here."

Frantically I reach for the plans. Was he charted for incognito appearance or not? I

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cannot tell. As I fumble for the charts, friend point thirty-eight slides from his place of concealment and bounces on the floor. I stare with an utter sense of horror. It would appear that I can do nothing right. The President inclines his head toward me, bows. "See?" he says. "See what a mess you've made of things." Under his huge false mustaches his mouth is pursed accusingly.

"I'm trying my best," I say. "You think this is easy?"

"I know it's not."

"Three roles," I say. "Triple agent. Everything together, at once. You think it's easy to sort out? It could make a man weak."

The President shrugs. "Guess what?" His gaze is intense.

"What, sir?"

"I'm a *quadruple*," he says. "Agent, I mean." He bends over, picks up old pal point thirty-eight. Feebly I try to kick it away from his hand but he is too fast for me. The gun is levelled. "Give me the plans," he says.

"A quadruple?" I say, amazed. "Who would have thought it?"

"It's a complex business."

Indeed it is. So it is. I shrug. What can I do? I have fairly mucked up everything, it would appear. I hand the President the charts. Avidly he seizes them, avidly he lets the sheets fall open, stares greedily. "I've got to find out where I'm supposed to be," he says. His hands shake as he turns them over.

I can hear voices approaching; civil servants are on their way back from an extended lunch hour. Fringe benefit. Goes with the terrain. "Listen," I say, "we can't stay here."

"On the contrary," the President says in a corrective tone. "This is where I'm supposed to be." He sighs, points the gun. "I really see no alternative," he says, "do you? You know too much now. You know all my secrets. Quadruple and all that."

"Help!" I shout. "Help! help!" Perhaps the returning workers will help me. Most likely, they will not.

"Oh my," the President says. "Oh my." Necessarily, he pulls the trigger.

There is an amazing flare of light. Truly grandiose. In the center of that light I can see not only my own face but that of Jones, enormous, accusatory. "I warned you," Jones seems to be saying. "I told you this would happen."

Everything seems to be convergent. "This is outrageous!" I say, screaming at Jones. "I mean, this is absolutely impossible!"

"Certainly not," Jones says, utterly reasonable, utterly in command as he always has been. Perhaps I am *not* imagining him; he is tangible as a pension; it is as if he is really there.

"Career and salary plan," Jones explains.

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"Now I'm here and General Fitzhugh is on the right flank. Suddenly . . . exactly as Military Intelligence predicted . . . out of the cocktail lounge come these two gorgeous blondes."

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Illustratio
by Robert Spik

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Knights of the Golden Circle

By
Dick Stodghill

Cullan hopped down from the freight when it slowed for a hill east of Willow Valley. Shivering in the unseasonable cold, he struck out cross-country. He was without compass, food, or water; unshaven, dressed in ragged clothes he had acquired wherever he could, an obvious deserter to anyone who crossed his path.

The country was more rugged than he had anticipated. The hills were higher, the ravines steeper, and the forest more dense. By nightfall, he had covered only a few miles, had encountered no one, was doubtful that he was still on a southeasterly course. Continuing on in the dark would be dangerous, so he took what shelter there was in a glacial rock formation on the east slope of a hill.

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He awoke stiff and sore, cold and hungry. The wind had picked up, the morning clouds were low, and again there would be no sun to guide him. He set out in what he hoped was the right direction, wondering how long it would be before he came to some sign of civilization. The cold he could endure, as unusual as it was in June, but going too long without food wouldn't be good for the plan. When the time came, he would need all the strength he could muster.

A thin trail of smoke guided him to the cabin. The road in front of it was little more than a path, but still more inviting than the thought of continuing on in the wild. He sized up the place from a distance, before approaching. There were two small out-buildings, a level stretch that would be a truck patch when the weather warmed up (as it should), and little else other than the crude cabin left from an earlier era.

Several dogs announced his coming. An old man, long rifle in hand, waited for him in the doorway. He stood quietly, expecting Cullan to speak first.

"Wonder if you might spare me a little something to eat?"

"Got money?"

Cullan shook his head. The old man went on scrutinizing him a moment, then jerked his head toward the interior of the cabin. Cullan followed him warily. The air inside was foul, the light dim. He sat down at a table the old man indicated with a wave of his hand, then watched as the other ladled gruel into a wooden bowl from a pot hanging over the fire.

It was rancid tasting and greasy, but Cullan went at it hungrily. The old man tore a chunk from a loaf of bread and laid it in front of Cullan, then sat watching from the opposite side of the table while he ate. As Cullan downed the last of the bread, the old man said, "Deserter, ain'tcha?"

Cullan didn't answer, just studied him from narrowed eyes. "Stands out all over you," the old man said. "See a lot of them in these parts, we do. Don't make no matter to me, I got no cause in this war. Know some folks might help you, though."

"Copperheads?"

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"Sure. Nobody else likely to, is there?"

"How do I find them? And how do I know I can trust you?"

"You don't," the old man said, "but who else you got? Follow the road here to the village couple miles down, go up to the first place on the left as you get there. Big white house, biggest in town. Ask for Singletary — Jonas Singletary. Don't tell him I sent you, though."

"Why not?"

"Don't involve myself in politics."

Cullan nodded. "This Singletary, is he a Knight?"

"Guess you better ask *him* that."

The village was at a crossroads on land more level and tillable. Two cots were set up in the loft of the barn where Singletary took Cullan, after handing him a blanket. When he had climbed to the loft, Singletary removed the ladder. "Call you for supper," he said, then left.

Looking around, Cullan decided it was set up as a regular hideout for Federal deserters. The ladder had been removed so he wouldn't leave, not to keep someone else from climbing up. The operation appeared to be an open secret, which meant Singletary's neighbors must be Copperheads, too. What happened next would be crucial. Being transported out of the area wasn't part of his plan.

He thought back to the meeting in Cincinnati. "It's imperative," the major had said, "absolutely imperative that we know just how strong they are. You've heard the stories, that they practically have an army over there. A lot of arms have gone into the area, that we know. What we have to find out, and right away, is whether they have the manpower and the will to put them to use."

"You're expecting something to happen, aren't you?"

For a short time, Major Ira Wellington had sat quietly staring at the street beyond the window. Deciding, Cullan knew, just how much he needed to be told. Then the major had turned to him and said, "We have sound information that Morgan is going to raid north of the Ohio. Bragg has ordered him not to, but we have it on the best authority he intends to anyway. A raid is one thing, but

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Two men holding a third, who was several women. The crowd that found its mark. The target was wearin

if he has an army waiting to join him in southern Indiana, that's something else. The way this war has been going in the east, having Confederates and *Knights of the Golden Circle* take over Indianapolis could have a disastrous effect. It might even lead to capitulation, a country divided permanently."

"The arrest of Clement Vallandigham hasn't broken the spirit of the Copperheads?"

"Not at all, and it's had no effect in southern Indiana. Their leader is a Dr. William Bowles, of French Lick — a friend of Jefferson Davis in Mexico during the war there."

"Then I'm not to try to find out what happened to Rand?"

The major had frowned at him a moment, then the hint of a smile appeared. "Not officially. He went on the same mission you're undertaking, but apparently failed."

"You'll have no objection, though, if along the way I find out?"

The major's smile faded. "Tell me, Riley Cullan, have I ever enjoyed losing a man? Most particularly without knowing the circumstances and who was responsible?"

There had been no reason for Cullan to reply.

"Where did you desert?" asked Singletary.

"At a water stop west of here."

"Why?"

"We were headed for Vicksburg. Being from Missouri, my feelings weren't behind it."

"What rank did you hold?"

"Sergeant of infantry."

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being pelted with eggs thrown by

had gathered hooted whenever one

a Union Army uniform.

"Planning to stay around?"

"Too risky."

"Not necessarily. You'd find friendly people here. There are a few you ought to talk to, anyway. It might be worth your while."

"In what way?"

Singletary smiled secretively. "Numerous ways for a man with your training. I can take you to see the major general in the morning."

"The major general?"

"Dr. Bowles. Some call him the gallant colonel of Buena Vista. You've heard of him, haven't you?"

Cullan shook his head. "Major general of what?"

"We'll let him tell you that. Provided he chooses to."

The sun was shining, the temperature rising steadily as they rode into French Lick at mid-morning. Cullan, mounted on a horse belonging to Singletary and wearing a clean shirt, jacket and pants he had provided, was told to wait in the tavern of an inn near the center of town. When Singletary rejoined him a short time later, Cullan learned that Bowles was away on business so their meeting would be delayed. Arrangements for a room and meals at the inn were made by Singletary, and when he rode out for home, the horse that had carried Cullan to town was with him.

After his noon meal, Cullan set out to explore the town. He had gone only a short way when the jeering and laughter of a crowd at the next corner caught his attention. As he approached, he saw two men holding a

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third, who was being pelted with eggs thrown by several women. The crowd that had gathered hooted whenever one found its mark. The target was wearing a Union Army uniform.

Cullan stopped beside a lounger, a slender man of about thirty leaning against a pole, grinning while picking his teeth with a small knife. "What's going on?" Cullan asked.

"Folks are having a little fun with the Federal enroller. Came to town to sign up men for the army, and not everybody takes kindly to that."

A man with a badge pinned to his shirtfront arrived. The pair holding the enroller released him and no more eggs were thrown. "Break it up," the man with the badge called to the crowd. "Go on now, go on about your business."

There was some grumbling and a few catcalls, but the crowd slowly dispersed. "Wouldn't of happened a week ago," the lounger said to Cullan.

"Why not?"

"Half a dozen of the town boys were home from the army and they would of broke it up in a hurry." He studied Cullan speculatively. "New around here, aren't you?"

"Been visiting Singletary."

"Jonas Singletary?" The lounger straightened up, a look of interest in his eyes. "Singletary and me, we see eye to eye on certain things. Name's Marlin — Carl Marlin. Just let me know if there's any assistance I can be to you."

"Thanks," Cullan said, starting on his way again, wondering how the town loafer could be of any assistance.

He considered spending one of the few coins in his pocket when he passed the office of a weekly newspaper, then decided against it. When he came to a second and smaller newspaper office, he changed his mind and went inside. A frail-looking man, the only one in the office, got up from a desk and walked over to the counter, then shook his head when Cullan picked up a paper and held out a penny. "Stranger in town, right? The first one's free."

Cullan thanked him, looking down at the small type crowding the front page. It was broken only by a derogatory cartoon of Abraham Lincoln, a caricature

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that gave the president an evil, predatory look. Most of the page was devoted to the story of another Federal defeat at a place called Chancellorsville. A black border surrounded an announcement of the death of Stonewall Jackson from wounds suffered in the battle.

Cullan looked up at the editor. There was no question where the man's sympathies lay. He was studying Cullan's reaction from dark eyes bright with fanaticism. Cullan said, "Nice paper."

The man smiled, displaying two rows of decayed teeth. "Glad you appreciate it. I'm the editor, Oliver Brownlee. Planning to be in town a while?"

"Could be. I'm waiting to see Dr. Bowles when he gets back. Cullan's the name."

"Well, in that case, welcome, Mr. Cullan. Welcome."

Strange, he thought as he left the office, that he had encountered only Confederate sympathizers. He had known many of them could be found in the hills of southern Indiana, but he also knew they were in the minority.

On his return trip, he stopped at a livery stable a short distance down the street from the inn. A blacksmith working at the front of the shop looked up from his anvil. "Sell horses?" Cullan asked.

The man, sweat streaming down his face and muscular arms, nodded his head. "Man in back does. You buying?"

"May be in a day or two. Depends on how it goes when I meet Dr. Bowles. If I stick around, I'll need a horse."

The blacksmith looked him up and down, then went back to his work. Cullan couldn't gauge the man's reaction to his mentioning the name of the doctor. As he left he looked back at the sign, "Miles Gharkey, Blacksmith."

"It looks like the Butternuts are gathering again," said one of the two men at the table next to Cullan's in the tavern.

The other looked around. "Bowles and his whole gang of Reb-lovers ought to be strung up. One of these days it just might happen."

The first man chuckled. "Not worth the trouble. If they were, the army would have cleared them out long ago."

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As quickly and silently as possible, he searched through the papers in the desk and a nearby cabinet. When he left, he took with him several sheets of paper listing names and addresses.

"Seems to me the army is well-occupied elsewhere."

Cullan smiled to himself, then pushed his chair back and walked to where the proprietor, Jacob Dorsey, was standing behind the bar that ran the length of one wall. "Whiskey," he said. "Put it on my bill."

For a moment, the burly innkeeper stood scowling at him. When he finally poured, making no attempt to hide his reluctance, Cullan knew he received short measure. He drank, then said, "Looks like a lot of people coming into town this evening. Something special going on?"

"How should I know? It's nothing to me as long as their money's good." Then, trying to sound a little more friendly, Dorsey said, "How long did you say you've known Singletary?"

"Since yesterday afternoon." Cullan knew the man was suspicious and that it might be wise to try to ingratiate himself with the innkeeper, but found it too distasteful. Dorsey was a bully, a man he could never like or trust.

He finished his drink and turned away just as Singletary entered the door from the street. He nodded for Cullan, and when he was close enough, Singletary said, "The major general is back, but he won't be able to see you tonight."

"Why not?"

"There's a meeting; he'll be busy until late."

"You going to the meeting?"

"Yes, but it's not one you can attend. It's just for members of the Inner Temple."

Cullan smiled wryly. "Sounds like a secret society. Is

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that what this is all about, a secret society?"

"It's a lot more serious than that. I want the major general to meet you, but it can't be tonight. Tomorrow, maybe, or the day after, but not tonight." He reached into his pocket, pulled out several large coins and handed them to Cullan. "This should hold you till then."

When Singletary was gone, Cullan returned to the bar and asked for a cup of coffee. "The kitchen girl will have to bring it out when she takes over for me," Dorsey told him, removing his leather apron and taking a long coat hanging from a peg.

"Going out?"

Dorsey, scowling again, nodded his head and walked back to the kitchen. A few minutes later, a woman of about twenty hurried out, a mug of steaming coffee in her hand. "Is this for you?" she asked Cullan, although he was alone in the room. She was a pretty girl, he thought, but with the weary look of the overworked.

"Yes," he told her. "Do you always take over behind the bar when Dorsey goes out?"

"I do everything when he goes out."

"Does that happen often?"

"Four or five evenings a week, Mr..."

"Cullan. I'm staying here at the inn, a guest of Jonas Singletary."

He could sense a sudden coolness in her attitude. "Then I should think you'd be going to the meeting."

"I'm not a member of the — what is it called?"

"The Castle."

"No, that wasn't it. The Inner Temple, I think."

She gave him a contemptuous look. He smiled and said, "What's the matter?"

"It all sounds so ridiculous, like children playing games."

"Is it ridiculous?"

She hesitated. "I don't know. It scares me sometimes."

"What's your name?"

"Mary Taylor."

"Well, tell me something, Mary Taylor; do many strangers stay here at the inn?"

"Some. Mostly those who come to see Dr. Bowles, or drummers who spend the night in town."

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"A month ago, was there a man about my age? Brown hair, a mustache, around six-feet tall?"

"You mean Mr. Rand, don't you?"

Her quick answer surprised him. "That's right. Did he leave suddenly?"

"Yes. I didn't know he was gone until the next day. Why?"

"Just curious. Do you think you could keep it to yourself that I asked?"

She nodded. "There's no one to tell except Mr. Dorsey, and I never...well, we don't talk about such things."

Cullan smiled. "Tell me one more thing, Mary Taylor; where does Dr. Bowles live?"

"In the big house as you come into town. I thought you said you weren't going to the meeting."

Cullan laughed. "I'm not. I'm just naturally curious."

He watched from a thicket on the other side of the road until the meeting broke up. Twenty-three men came out, most of them in groups of two or three. Cullan recognized Dorsey and Singletary, and also Brownlee, the newspaper editor, and to his surprise, Marlin, the town loafer. He had thought the blacksmith, Gharkey, might be among them, but he wasn't.

An hour passed before the last light went out in the house. Cullan waited another hour, then approached cautiously, hoping the doctor didn't keep a dog. He tested several windows before finding one that opened.

He went quietly from room to room on the first floor until he found one that served as an office. As quickly and silently as possible, using his jacket to shield the light thrown by a candle, he searched through the papers in the desk and a nearby cabinet. It required the better part of another hour. When he left, he took with him several sheets of paper listing names and addresses.

The door of the inn was locked when he returned. He knocked until a light appeared from somewhere in the back. When Dorsey opened the door, sleepy-eyed and scowling again, he looked Cullan over suspiciously. "Out late, aren't you?"

"Couldn't sleep so I took a long walk." He could tell that Dorsey was skeptical of his answer. He started toward

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the stairs, then stopped when Dorsey said, "Here's a message for you."

It was from Singletary. Dr. Bowles would be out of town again the next day. The meeting was tentatively set for the day after. A busy man, this Bowles, thought Cullan, wondering whether it meant something was in the offing.

The sky was growing light in the east when he finished making a copy of the list of names. He hid the original behind a bureau drawer, then slept for two hours.

Mary Taylor was at work in the kitchen when he went downstairs. "Could you do something for me?" he asked her. "Without letting Jacob Dorsey know you were doing it?"

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't know. What is it?"

"Mail this for me." He showed her the packet he had prepared and addressed to Major Wellington under an assumed name.

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Because it might make certain people in town suspicious if I went to the post office. I'm not sure it would ever leave town, and it's important."

"And Mr. Dorsey wouldn't approve?"

"No, he wouldn't."

Mary Taylor grinned impishly. "All right; then I'll do it."

Cullan found Carl Marlin leaning against the same post that had supported him the day before. "Did the enroller leave town?" Cullan asked.

Marlin nodded. "Sure did." He laughed quietly. "We aren't likely to see him around here again for a while."

"I hear there might be other army men on the way to town."

"What for?"

"To get the body of one of their men killed here a month ago."

Marlin studied him suspiciously. "How'd they hear about that?"

"I don't know anything about it," Cullan said, shrugging. "Do you?"

"Who, me? No, I never heard about it."

Cullan went on, but stopped again a little way down the street and looked back at Marlin. He had started

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walking in the other direction. Cullan let him get a safe distance ahead, then followed.

Marlin hurried along purposefully, keeping on a westerly course. At the edge of town, he turned and looked behind him. Cullan, anticipating the move, was hidden by a large tree.

Marlin continued along the edge of a field, where corn was just starting to emerge from the ground. Once beyond it, he continued a few feet into a woods, then stopped and studied the ground. He was using his left foot to move more leaves and twigs onto a mound that rose a few inches above the land around it when Cullan walked up.

Marlin turned, startled. "What're you doing here?"

Cullan smiled at him. "Just taking a walk. Fine day, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess," Marlin mumbled, then started walking back the way he had come.

Cullan watched until he was well into the field, then looked down at what he felt certain was Evan Rand's grave. A moment went by, then he called, "Wait, I'll go along with you," and set out to overtake Marlin. On the way back into town, he kept up a steady stream of conversation, smiling to himself as he watched the other man gradually relax.

It was late afternoon before Cullan and Jacob Dorsey were alone in the tavern. Standing with one elbow on the bar, Cullan said, "Looks like most of your other guests have headed for home. This Inner Temple they were talking about, what's it mean?"

Dorsey stared at him, eyes narrowing. "Who was talking about it?"

"I don't know who they were; just a few men at a table."

"They probably were talking about a lodge, that's all."

"I thought you went to the same meeting with them last night. Wasn't that the Inner Temple?"

"You ask a lot of questions, don't you?"

Cullan laughed tersely. "Not much else for me to do right now, is there? I figured you wouldn't mind, being a friend of Singletary's and Dr. Bowles."

"Maybe they're the ones you should be asking

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questions."

"You could be right. There's talk around that General John Hunt Morgan may be visiting this side of the Ohio before long, or is that something else you don't want to talk about?"

"I don't know anything about it. Even if he did, he wouldn't be likely to come here, so what difference does it make?"

"Why wouldn't he be likely to come here? When Captain Hines crossed the river a few weeks ago, he came within a few miles of here, didn't he?"

"Not that close. They say he was down at Valeene, but he wasn't headed here. Anyhow, that wasn't much more than a joke. Only about sixty men, no planning, no organization. So what does it have to do with Morgan?"

"Nothing, I suppose, except that Thomas Hines is one of his officers. It's an interesting possibility, though, Morgan raiding in Indiana. I hear the rumor he's coming has them worried as far north as Indianapolis. That seems foolish. Even if Morgan crosses the river, he wouldn't have a chance of getting that far. No chance at all, I'd say."

"That's what you'd say, is it? So what makes you an expert?" Dorsey glared at Cullan a moment, then walked back to the kitchen.

It was early evening when Cullan heard several men talking in a small room to the right of the kitchen. He stepped over near a door that opened from the room to the tavern, then stood listening as they spoke quietly of missing papers. He had been there only a short time when Jacob Dorsey appeared in the doorway. "Come in, Mr. Cullan," he said. "You might find this interesting."

Cullan followed him, nodding to the other two men in the room. After walking to a small fireplace, he turned and waited for someone to speak.

Jacob Dorsey stared hard at Cullan, then turned to the others and said, "This man is not one of us. I think he's responsible for the papers disappearing."

All eyes turned to Cullan. "Why do you say that, Jacob?" asked Brownlee, the editor. "I've been told Singletary vouches for him and the major general hopes to use

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him in a position of command when we rally behind Morgan."

The big blacksmith, Gharkey, smiled laconically. "When *who* rallies, editor? Even if Morgan comes, this talk of rallying behind him is a pipe-dream."

Brownlee whirled on him, the color rising in his face. "If the major general hears you said that..."

"I'm sick of this posturing and play-acting," Gharkey said. "One company of Federals riding into town would send the whole GKC running for the hills, especially those of you in the Inner Temple. You're all talk, nothing more."

"That's enough," Dorsey said.

"I told you he couldn't be trusted, didn't I?" Brownlee said, looking at Dorsey but pointing to Gharkey.

"I said that's enough. This man —" he looked toward Cullan again — "is our immediate problem. He's been prying into things, asking too many questions, just like the one a month ago."

Cullan decided remaining silent was pointless. "The one you buried at the edge of the woods, near the springs?"

Brownlee went pale, but a crafty look came over Dorsey's face. He said, "You see, I told you he was nosing around."

"He followed me there this afternoon," Marlin said from the doorway to the tavern. "Told me he'd heard the army was coming to get the body, so I went out to make sure no one had found it."

Dorsey looked around at him. "You fool," he said in a harsh whisper. "You mean you led him to the place?"

"I didn't . . ." Marlin began, but Gharkey cut him off. "What's this about a body buried in the woods?"

"His name was Evan Rand," Cullan said. "A Federal agent murdered by your GKC friends here."

"Now wait a minute," Marlin said timorously, "it was Dorsey who killed him. I helped bury the body, that's all."

Dorsey turned on him angrily. "Keep quiet, idiot. They'd hang you just as high, don't forget. And you, too, editor. You knew what we were doing. This time, I'll see you both have a little more to do." He looked back at Cullan and began advancing toward him, drawing a long knife from under his coat. "Come on, let's take him."

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Brownlee moved forward, but Marlin and Gharkey remained where they were. Then Brownlee froze, too, as Mary Taylor walked in the door opening off the kitchen. Using both hands to support a bulky revolver, she pointed it from one to another, saying, "Stay back now, all of you. And you, Mr. Dorsey, put down the knife."

Dorsey hesitated, then took one more step and lunged at Cullan, who easily sidestepped the clumsy thrust, at the same time grabbing Dorsey's arm with both hands. As he applied leverage, Dorsey dropped to his knees and loosened his grip on the knife. When it fell to the floor, Cullan jerked the innkeeper to his feet and struck him one blow to the jaw, sending him crashing first against a table, then the wall.

"That was for Rand," he said. Dorsey slumped to the floor and Gharkey, grinning, pushed Brownlee and Marlin toward him. "Two more for you," Gharkey said to Cullan. "If you want to keep an eye on them, I'll round up the law."

Cullan walked over to Mary and took the revolver from her hands. Smiling down at her, he said, "Thanks. Were you listening all the time?"

"Yes. I have been ever since I came to work here. Mr. Dorsey should have been more careful, but he seemed to forget I was around, just like he forgot I have two brothers in the Army of the Potomac."

"They're a nuisance factor, that's all," Cullan reported to Major Wellington.

"You're certain, are you? There have been a number of incidents protesting Vallandigham's arrest, you know."

"Minor incidents. That's what you can expect from the *Knights of the Golden Circle* or *Sons of Liberty*, whatever they're calling themselves today. Some of the top members of the Inner Temple were there when the sheriff rode out of town with Rand's killers, and they did nothing. They talk and they prance, and once in a while they stage a minor action, but that's as far as it goes. They did nothing when Captain Hines and his men crossed the river last month, remember. If Morgan raids north of the Ohio and expects help from the GKC, he's going to be a very disappointed general."

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A PROPOSITION HE COULD NOT REFUSE

by Jane Beckman

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It was the expert from Harvard, who unknowingly sealed J.W. Glasgow's fate.

Testifying before the Senate's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, Professor Vroonan demonstrated how a medium-priced home computer could be modified to direct missile firing and communications. Immediately, many electronic devices previously cleared for sale to the Soviet Union were placed under embargo. To acquire certain needed equipment and parts, the Soviets found it necessary to resort to underhanded means. One plan involved J.W. Glasgow, president of the Dallas-based Jaymar Electronics. Glasgow's cooperation would have to be arranged. But Rykov, head of the Soviet's intelligence operation in the United States, was certain Chrysanthe would take care of that.

The brilliant Washington sunlight, passing through the heavily barred windows of the Soviet military attache's office, laid a pattern, like the shadow of a cell, across the file lying on Yuri Rykov's desk. The craggy-faced Soviet agent removed a glossy 8 x 10 photo from the folder and handed it to the young man standing rigidly before his desk.

"This," Rykov said, "is the American who will so kindly assist us with our shopping."

Vladimir Gregor, new to Soviet Intelligence, recently arrived in the U.S., and much in awe of his superior, reached quickly for the photograph of the middle-aged man with the blue eyes and sandy brown hair. At first glance, Gregor found it a rather stupid face, though he was certain women would find it attractive in a rugged sort of way. In training, he had been taught the male physical characteristics American women found appealing. This lesson required struggling through translations of American romance novels. Gregor had been one of the few in his class who had enjoyed this exercise. "Who is this man?" Gregor asked.

"J.W. Glasgow of Dallas, Texas," Rykov answered. "The initials apparently stand for nothing. Mr. Glasgow, however, suits our needs very nicely." Rykov handed Gregor a thick, bound folder of biographic data.

"This is a great deal of information," said Gregor. He hoped he would not be required to read and memorize all the data.

"It is easy to learn a great deal about Americans," Gregor's superior replied. "Their friends discuss them so readily in public places." His face formed a quick grimace, and he continued. "Our Mr. Glasgow is known for supporting conservative political candidates. He is a good husband and father; he attends church

Illustration by Aries

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regularly. He is a successful businessman. In short, he is precisely the type of solid American little likely to be suspected of cooperating with the Soviet Union. But we will see to it, Gregor, that he does cooperate." Rykov's tone held only the slightest tinge of menace.

Gregor looked up puzzled. "What, Sir, does it mean, *halfback SMU '58-'62*? Is that code, Sir?"

"Mr. Glasgow was a successful player of the American game of football during his university years — far more successful in sport than in academic endeavors," Rykov added dryly. "But his educational institution was eagerly willing to feed, house, and attempt to educate him for four years in exchange for his performance on the playing field. And his sports activity secured a profitable future for our Mr. Glasgow."

"How was that, sir?" Gregor worried he was asking too many questions. He hoped Rykov would not report unfavorably to Moscow that there were so many things about American life he did not understand.

But Rykov appeared to enjoy reporting the facts about Glasgow. "At the university, he came to the attention a of wealthy oilman's daughter, who wanted very much to marry the popular football player. Her father, like the university, offered Mr. Glasgow a proposition he could not refuse. Jaymar Electronics was established to give Mr. Glasgow his own company. He is an adequate executive."

Rykov placed the tips of his fingers together and leaned back in his chair. "But our Mr. Glasgow, for all his fine qualities, has one unfortunate weakness. You will see the tabulation running from page seventeen through twenty-one," he informed Gregor.

Gregor flipped to page seventeen and began to read from the column opposite the dates: "San Francisco — Mary Evans, wife of Howard J.; Houston — Lisa Reinhart, wife of Clinton K.; Seattle — Cheryl Hedge, wife of Roger... "

Rykov interrupted. "Are you beginning to understand the nature of Mr. Glasgow's weakness, Gregor? He enjoys — as do many men — the occasional pleasure of a woman other than his wife. But he is always cautious, because his shrewd spouse has their affairs arranged very carefully. According to an agreement made at the time of their marriage, should she divorce him on grounds of infidelity, he will go out of their mansion in an exclusive section of Dallas with little more than his clothes and his separation pay from his job at Jaymar Electronics. Yes, very shrewd is this Martha Glasgow. I wonder if she might not have Russian blood."

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"And this weakness is why you asked me to contact Chysanthe." Gregor felt proud he had divined this fact himself.

"Is she here?" Rykov asked.

"In the outer office, Sir."

"Excellent. Bring her in for briefing. Mr. Glasgow is currently in Washington on business. I hope Chrysanthe will be able to make contact with him this evening."

Gregor opened the door and escorted a stunningly sophisticated blonde woman into the office. She paused inside the doorway and addressed the senior agent in Russian: "Hello, Yuri, it is nice to see you again. I hope you have an interesting job for me. I was getting very bored with those NATO officers in Brussels."

The fountain in the center of the restaurant bubbled softly, its gentle sounds providing accompaniment for the soft piano music coming from behind the bank of tall ferns. The agent called Chrysanthe glanced at the next table where the big sandy-haired Texan sat alone devouring his steak.

Chrysanthe felt certain of success. She rarely failed in an assignment. Sometimes she wondered if she were not a little schizophrenic. It was so easy — too easy — to play convincingly a personality, a nationality, different from her own. Glasgow's psychological profile showed he invariably picked a non-ethnic married woman for his short excursions into infidelity. She had combed her fair hair in a casual style, and the two-piece linen suit she wore suggested she worked for some staid legal firm — as a secretary, of course. J.W. Glasgow rarely bedded a career woman, and he had never been known to use the services of a prostitute.

Chrysanthe had perfected her Midwestern accent until no one would dream she was not from the corn fields of Iowa. Throughout dinner, she had made certain to keep her left hand with its wide gold band visible. In the last ten minutes every time she looked in Glasgow's direction, he had been staring at her with hungry interest.

J.W. adjusted the big white damask napkin in his lap. That blond woman at the next table was really turning him on. Funny, he never felt the slightest urge to become involved with women he knew. But on a business trip, with some good food and a little whiskey under his belt, when some nice-looking woman started showing a little interest, then the old system fired up like he was twenty again.

He hoped her husband wasn't at home. Or if she was from out

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of town, he hoped she had her own hotel room. One of the cardinal rules he'd always followed was: never take them back to his own hotel room. And he never told them his real name. He invariably made up something with the initials J.W. He had been at this a long time, and Martha had never checked up on him as far as he knew. He never let himself think about what might happen if she found out. Anyway, he felt safer using an alias. In fact, it was about time to introduce himself.

"Joe Whittington is the name," he said, giving the attentive woman finishing her Sole Florentine a wide-as-Texas smile.

Chrysanthe quickly established herself as Judy Perkins, a secretary who lived in Washington. Her husband, she told J.W. was a pilot. She had just seen him off at Dulles for the Washington-Rome-Cairo run. After fifteen minutes of conversation, Chrysanthe excused herself on the pretext of going to the ladies room. Actually, she was going to place quick phone calls to report that she and Glasgow would soon be leaving for the apartment.

J.W. watched the sway of her hips as she crossed the restaurant. Great figure under that suit, he noted with pleasure. He felt a grin spreading across his mouth just thinking about taking her clothes off.

Another solitary diner, a lean, tough-looking man, whose face seemed vaguely familiar, watched J.W. from a table to his left. Where...Oh, yes, he remembered noticing the man at the convention in San Francisco. So the fellow probably overheard him making a date with the woman. Well, one thing you didn't have to worry about: the guys never told on each other. Besides, the fellow probably had his out-of-town flings, too.

"Nice apartment, Judy," J.W. said, as he followed the blonde with the long slender legs into the living room. The window that swept across the opposite side of the room gave a splendid nightime view of the nation's capital.

What J.W. did not realize was that the apartment had been specially decorated according to preferences listed in the personal information various agents had compiled about him. Nor had he the slightest suspicion that, though the decor of this apartment changed frequently in response to the purposes for which it was needed, the hidden cameras and microphones always remained in their same carefully-placed locations. By midnight, Rykov had more than he would need to secure cooperation. And J.W. tugged on his handmade lizard boots and told himself he had just pulled

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off another no-strings-attached evening in the sack. Whew! Little Judy Perkins had almost worn him out.

The next afternoon; in his hotel room, J.W. put the last of his clothes into his suitcase while he waited for the two men. He didn't want to see them, but they'd been very insistent when they'd called for an appointment. They said Martha would want him to see them. J.W. decided it probably had to do with that fancy hotel his wife was building. Now that the kids were going away to college, she was bored. Just like her daddy, the only activities outside her family that interested her were ones that made money.

The two Soviet agents arrived promptly. While Gregor stood near the door, shifting his weight from one foot to the other nervously, Rykov came straight to the point. He had not brought the videotape, but he made sure J.W. understood it existed. The still pictures were enough to bleach the color from J.W.'s face. Then Rykov held up the cassette.

"I think," he said in his heavily accented English, "Mrs. Glasgow would be very interested in hearing how poorly she understands you, and how wretched she has made your life all these years." A sly grin spread across his thin lips as he spoke.

J.W.'s strong legs, which had once carried him down the football field, suddenly failed him. He sank into an armchair. "I don't know who you guys are, but I can figure out what you want. How much?" he demanded.

"No money, Mr. Glasgow," Rykov quickly assured him. "But I have a list of a few items I would very much like to purchase from your company."

Even in his shocked state, J.W. recognized the items on the list. "Everything on this list is embargoed; if you are who I think you are..."

Rykov raised a hand. "Mr. Glasgow, please. It is not state secrets I am asking for — only a few simple electronic items. Some spare parts to keep our equipment working. Hardly ten thousand dollars worth. Would you put your family through the unhappiness of viewing your cavortings with that woman in order to avoid complying with my simple request?"

J.W. slumped. He knew when the other team was twenty points ahead and there was no more time on the clock.

"We do not need your answer this afternoon," Rykov reassured him. The Soviet agent returned the photographs and the cassette to his briefcase. "Someone will be calling on you at your Dallas

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office in a few days. He will give his name as Mr. Perkins. Surely you will not find it hard to remember the name Perkins."

J.W. had intended to read two long reports on the flight from Washington to Dallas. Instead, he sat in his wide chair on the Jaymar corporate jet and stared silently in front of him. The plane hit a small air pocket and bucked him in his seat. He had always worried a little that the jet might crash on one of these trips. For the first time, the idea was a welcome thought. His death would be the perfect solution. If he was dead, those pictures were worthless. Dead, he wouldn't find himself forty-five and trying to find another job, kicked out of the house in Highland Park. Martha's father paid for that house. Martha's name was the only one on the deed. Besides, he had signed that agreement.

But the plane did not crash. It landed safely at Love Field and J.W. drove his own car home through the early evening traffic, let himself into his house, and trudged upstairs to the bedroom he and Martha shared. Martha kept a .38 in the drawer of the night-table next to her bed. J.W. opened the drawer and looked at the gun. She always kept it loaded. One carefully aimed shot would solve all his problems.

Finally, he shut the drawer. Who was he kidding? He didn't have the courage. If courage had been his strong point, he would never have let himself be bought by Martha and her family. If he was stronger, he would have picked up the phone in Washington and called the FBI the moment those two agents had walked out the door. But the one called Rykov had discouraged that. He had pushed at the door and then turned back. "I feel compelled to warn you, Mr. Glasgow. Should you try to contact the FBI, we have informants who will advise us immediately. One of our people will deliver copies of these photos and tape to your wife before the FBI can begin to move."

J.W. sank down on the edge of the brocade bedspread. Briefly, the idea of confessing to Martha crossed his mind. He glanced at the new Seiko she'd given him on their last anniversary. She would be home soon. He would tell her what happened. She had loved him faithfully for over twenty years; she would understand.

No she wouldn't. J.W. knew Martha. She might forgive a brief fling with some woman he'd picked up in a restaurant, but she would never understand his stupidity in allowing himself to be set up by a Russian agent. And if those men sent copies of those damning pictures to their friends, Martha would never tolerate him after he had disgraced her. She cared passionately about what

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other people thought.

So there was only one thing to do: sell them the damn stuff. He would be happier if an unfriendly nation didn't get its hands on those little gadgets, but... He would just hope this weasel Rykov was as good at arranging a scheme for getting the stuff out of the country as he had been at organizing the frame-up.

His decision was made. J.W. heaved himself off the side of the bed and went to the liquor cabinet. He was pouring a tumbler of bourbon when he heard Martha coming into the room. He swallowed half the whiskey before he turned to face her.

Usually, when he returned from a business trip, his wife welcomed him back warmly. But, tonight, Martha shut the door behind her and stood regarding him, her arms folded across the front of her silk blouse. "Well, Honeybun, you really slipped and fell in the muck this time, didn't you?"

My god! She knew. He felt the drink slipping from his hand.

"Hold on to your drink. You're going to need it before we finish talking."

"But..."

Martha cut him off. "Do you really think I haven't known about your little extracurricular activities? Don't look so betrayed," she snapped at him. "Did you think I wouldn't have someone keep an eye on you when you were out of town, when you kept coming back with a suit jacket smelling like the perfume counter at Neiman-Marcus? And you should be glad that when it comes to you, I've never stinted on expense. I could have hired some washed-up cop, but the man who kept an eye on you in San Francisco and on this trip to Washington is ex-CIA."

She'd had a detective following him. Did that mean she had been considering a divorce before this Washington trip? The whiskey churned sickeningly in his stomach. She would never help him now.

Martha was talking. "Last night, the detective thought he recognized the woman you picked up in the restaurant. He decided to keep an eye on you today, and he listened from the next room when those men came to your hotel."

She knew everything. "What am I going to do, Martha?" J.W. asked, desperately. "They threatened to show the videotape to you. What if now they decide to mail it to some of the kids' friends, or the Reverend Thatcher? Or your father?" That was the worst thing J.W. could imagine.

Martha crossed the room, moving toward the bedside table. "I don't think we are going to have to worry about that." She opened

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the drawer and removed the .38. J.W. stared at the revolver in his wife's hand. "My god," he cried, "you aren't going to kill me are you, Martha? I know I was wrong, but it's godstruth I couldn't help myself those times I slept with other women. I'm sorry, really sorry." There were tears in his eyes. "And I never messed around here in town where I'd embarrass you in front of our friends."

Martha listened to his pleading and opened the gun, making certain it was loaded.

J.W. started to shake. "Martha," he cried hoarsely, "don't the twenty-two years we've had together mean anything. We have four children. Martha, for godsake, you can't just kill me!"

Martha regarded her hysterical husband with an expression that mixed pity and revulsion. "No, J.W., I'm not going to kill you. The hotel opens next month, and I have no intention of being tied up in court appearances. Nor do I intend to pay some high-priced lawyer a fortune to get me acquitted of a murder charge." Martha snapped the gun shut. "No murder." She waited until J.W. met her look directly. "Honeybun, you're going to commit suicide. Now stop blubbering and I'll tell you how you're going to do it."

It occurred to him that she was organizing his death just the way she had always organized his life.

More than a thousand friends and family members came to J.W.'s funeral. Martha sat with the children flanked on either side of her. She listened calmly and dry-eyed as the minister bemoaned the pressures and tolls of modern life that had been too great a burden for their brother, J.W. Glasgow. But he told them they were not to be sad. Now J.W. was on his journey to a simpler, better world, where all his burdens would be lifted, all his needs met.

After the funeral, Martha accompanied the casket to the crematorium. It was she who collected the urn and carried it to the waiting Jaymar jet. She explained to friends that she was taking J.W.'s ashes to Brazil, where they had spent their honeymoon. Now that J.W. was dead, she needed to check on Jaymar's Brazil operations. One trip would take care of both matters.

In the Soviet military attache's office, Rykov told Gregor, "Glasgow took his own life. I had not thought he had the courage." He shrugged. "The pictures and tapes will no longer be needed. Mark Glasgow's file *deceased* and store the materials with it." Rykov placed the tips of his fingers together and leaned back in his chair. "But this is nothing more than a small setback, as oc-

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curs from time to time in the intelligence business, Gregor. An alternate plan to secure the needed electronic items for our surveillance equipment has been devised.

Martha returned from Brazil and the next month opened her lavish new hotel. Her friends saw her very little in the next several months, but they doubted she would ever remarry. So they were shocked when the gossips began spreading the word that Martha was seeing a new man in town.

Betsy Ainsworth, the Dallas matron who could always be relied on to keep up with everything, stood in front of the mirror in the ladies room at the Plaza, admiring her reflection and making minute adjustments to her hair. "Have you seen that man Martha's going out with?" she asked a friend.

Her friend, who had recently had her wrinkles removed by chemical peel, peered into the mirror and nodded. "Who is he? I wouldn't mind a sneaked weekend in Cancun with him myself."

"I understand," said Betsy with pointed emphasis, "he is someone Martha met in Brazil when she flew down to take J.W.'s ashes. And I'll tell you one thing: He's certainly nothing like J.W.!" she said emphatically. "There's not an ounce of flab on his body, and he has such a marvelous thatch of coal black hair — not that I think it's all real," she added. "But with that suntan and those green eyes... " She shrugged narrow shoulders beneath her Halston original. "His contact lens are probably tinted. But that touch of British accent is very sexy." A delicious shudder passed over her emaciated frame. "Of course, I can tell a nose job when I see one, and I'll bet he's had a face lift, too."

"I hear they are having an affair," said Betsy's friend conspiratorially. "Someone saw Martha going into that apartmet building where he lives."

In fact, Martha was — at that moment — in the very apartment her friends were discussing. She lounged in a most dishabille state upon the designer sheets of the king sized bed. "No, John Windsor," she said to the man lying next to her, "there's hardly any resemblance between you and my dead husband. But do you know in what way you are most unlike J.W.?"

"No; tell me," the dark-haired man said.

"You are not going to roll around in other women's beds the way J.W. did." Her tone was only the slightest bit threatening. "Because, Honeybun, if you do, I promise your *next* death isn't going to be faked."

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NIGHT OF THE DURGA

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The fifth anniversary of Betty's murder found me twenty thousand feet over the Bay of Bengal on a bright April morning. I stared down through the window of the 747, at the glassy ocean, thinly veiled with a scud of ragged clouds, and tried not to think about her. But I couldn't, so I opened up and relived it, full blast.

We'd snuck off from the small upstate New York college where we both taught, she English and I Electronics and Physics. "Our last chance, Nick, to be illicit." We were to be married the following week. We went for a walk and

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Rob Richards

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got into a rough neighborhood near the docks. Four toughs surrounded us and tried to turn us down an alley. I didn't like the odds, so I took her arm and we tried to run. One of the creatures tripped Betty and I had only to look at the odd angle of her head and neck to know she was dead where she fell.

I went crazy then and when one of them moved in on me with a knife, I let him cut me across the arm. It gave me a good opening and I smashed his windpipe. The others closed, but I came up with the knife and, slashing low, performed a neutering operation on the biggest one. The remaining two took off, but I caught one when he tripped rounding the corner and I jumped on him, my 190 pounds landing full on the small of his back, and was removing his face by banging it into the rough paving when a prowl car braked beside us and they managed to pull me off.

It wasn't much of a trial. The punks all had records, most of them for assault, and the entire encounter had been witnessed by a grocer across the street from where they had killed Betty. A benign judge lectured me on the sin of hatred and implored me to forgive. I told him that I'd gladly do it again, and that I looked forward to finding the fourth creature and laughing as he screamed his life away. I got a contempt fine for this speech, naturally. To my extreme disappointment, though, the last slob got himself killed in a stickup before I found him.

Just five years and a thousand bottles ago.

I hit bottom quickly, and when Will Noah, who had been my boss in an undercover outfit in Europe, found me, I had drifted to Los Angeles and had sunk to planting bugs and getting divorce evidence for any scummy little agency who wouldn't or couldn't do the dirty work themselves.

Will dried me out and bawled me out and gave me a job with his outfit, Privacy Engineering, and I taught myself to put my hate and sorrow away, just taking it out now and then. . . like now. . . to let it warm me.

The NO SMOKING - FASTEN SEAT BELT sign came on and I strapped in.

A furnace of gritty wind was roaring down out of Asia when the Air India jet landed at Calcutta. The wind was a crazy blast of fragrance and stink; rotting swamps, garbage, cooking fires, industrial fumes, sewerage, wild honey kelp, frangapani, the living unwashed millions, and the spice-studded corpses that smoldered on the gnats of the sacred, filthy Ganges.

Mother India! I thrilled not at all. Before Europe, I'd spent five

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months of my military stint in the embassy code room at New Delhi, and I'd rather live in a third-class stateside fleabag than rent-free in the Taj.

As we passengers were herded towards a customs shed, one of the hostesses, a little pocket-venus draped in a wind-flapping orange sari, moved up close and added a sweet tincture of *My Sin* to the jungle of aromas.

"Meester Barlow?" A perfect airlines' smile dimpled her olive tinted face.

I told her yes.

"You and your luggage have already been cleared through. Follow me to transportation, please."

She short-cutted me through the terminal building to an outside loading dock, where a turbaned driver was stuffing my battered suitcases into a gleaming Edsel. I marveled at this display of courtesies until I thought to recall that I was here on a state mission.

We rolled smoothly away and into the frantic traffic of Chowringhee Road. Several billboards announced the Pan Asia Trade Fair. . . my reason for being here. In addition to being a showcase for a gamut of merchandise, from ball point pens to locomotives, some cabinet level economic discussions were planned, and the host nation wanted to be certain that the talks were not overheard. Enter Nick Barlow...ex bugger, now debugger. Or as my more pretentious colleagues put it, "counter-intrusion specialist." This is a new art in the old world. Anyone can plant a boogy, but sniffing one out is a skill of a higher order. The top state-of-the-art, up till now at least, has been attained in the United States, and I tell you it's a delicately fantastic area. Would you believe a picture window can transmit a conversation taking place in the room behind it? Or that a phone number can be dialed in such a way as to turn the instrument...and all of its extensions...into a bug? Solid state physics has just about vanquished privacy.

So the Trade Fair's officers had poked about, discovered that Noah's company in Los Angeles had a good reputation, and here I was.

A tall gin and tonic later, I was toweling off beneath the slow-turning ceiling fan of my hotel room when the door opened. I turned in time to see a quick bare arm thrust in and toss a writhing something on the tiled floor. The door slammed shut and a huge angry cobra raised its head high and stared at me.

I hate snakes. God, how I hate and fear them. It's unreasonable, childish even, but it's terribly real, and I had to fight to keep from screaming. The cobra dropped to the floor, wriggled

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closer to where I stood frozen, then arched and spread its hood. I flung the thick terry towel and the snake struck it in mid air. I yelled then, a meaningless burble of terror, wrenched the heavy dresser from the wall, spun it around and tipped it over backwards onto the snake. Gasping, sweating icy drops of fright and relief, I lurched into the bathroom and threw up.

When I came out, a nasty pinkish stain had oozed out from beneath the dresser. I gagged down a straight gin and gulped water from a pitcher, then called the manager.

He turned out to be a cadaverous black-eyed Swiss...very professional, most conciliatory and apologetic, and, I suspect, inclined to disbelieve that anyone would toss a snake into my room. He took a turn of the wainscoting, obviously looking for snake holes, then used the phone to call for a boy to clean up the mess.

"While you're at it," I told him, "you can move me to another room." He glanced at the pink muck on the tiles, nodded, and called again for two luggage *wallas*.

My new quarters were considerably more lavish...a gesture of good public relations, I supposed. But it didn't improve my humor. Who the hell would want to kill me, I wondered. No...not kill; flinging a snake into a room is, at best, a pretty slip-shod try at murder. But who'd even want to spook me? I didn't know a single soul in Calcutta.

I built a stiff gin and tonic and took it out onto my posh balcony, three floors above the teeming six-o'clock traffic on Old Court House Street.

In Germany, yes, there were those who might still want me dead. During our recent unpleasantness there, I'd been a member of an alphabet organization dedicated to the downfall of bad types. Not C.I.A. nor O.S.S., nor anything so romantic, but one of the many quasi-governmental outfits that had cropped up long after the war was over. I'd played a part in the netting of a few die-hard fanatics who still loved Adolf, and I guessed I'd been instrumental in the sudden death of eight or ten professional assassins who specialized in AMGOV people. But India?

Assassins, I reflected. The word was born in these parts. *Hashshashin*: Murder for hire or for the glory of the Thugee sect, the murderers stoned out of their minds on hashish.

I decided to buy a gun.

The bell captain who arrived was grinning through his sweat in anticipation of easy money from the rich and crazy American. Probably for simply obtaining two or three easy little *suru* girls. But he was con-

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siderably unhappy when I said I wanted a .38 pistol.

"Not possible, sar."

I laid out fifteen one rupee notes, but the little man shook his head. "Sar, .38 is used by the army. Also .44 and .45."

"What's that got to do with it?"

He ran an anguished hand over his sweating forehead, being careful not to smear the painted-on trident symbol of Vishnu. "Only the army can have those calibers, sar. Also rifles of .303 and .45."

"That's crazy," I said. He shrugged as I thought it over. After all, it made just as much sense as the fact that the entire city went bone-dry, as regards booze, every Tuesday. For twenty-four hours. And the fact that when I'd checked into this hotel there was a cow who had just defecated on the polished mahogany squares of the lobby floor and was bedding down in the muck. And that half the middle-aged men of India regularly ate owl manure to keep up their "pep." And that nobody seemed to give a damn if people literally starved to death in front of fashionable restaurants.

"Yeah," I told him. "Well, any ideas?"

The bell captain eyed the pile of rupees hungrily. "I have a cousin, sar, who owns a small gun. A .25 I think. Perhaps. . ."

"How much?"

"It is for the protection of his wife and family. Say. . . two hundred rupees?"

"One hundred. And the money already on the table."

He sighed as if his heart were breaking. "It is not much, but I will ask him."

I put down another hundred. He scooped it all up and backed out.

I locked the door against snakes.

A hundred and fifteen rupees. About twenty-one dollars. Not too bad if the gun was in halfway decent condition, but the trouble was that .25 is an awfully little caliber. One has to be a crack shot to do much damage with it, and a crack shot I'm not. Still, any sort of gun is better than none...especially if it's obtained without all the red tape of registering it and oneself with the police.

I finished my gin and tonic and flopped down on the bed for a nap. As if it were a signal, some idiot in the next room turned on his radio. Loud. And acid rock at that. After suffering through about five minutes of it, I got up and pawed through a suitcase for my little Sony transistor. I tuned it until I found the other guy's station, then with the volume of my set down to nothing, I carefully dialed 460 kilocycles below the other radio. There was a harsh squealing noise from the next room, and a garble of squawking as he

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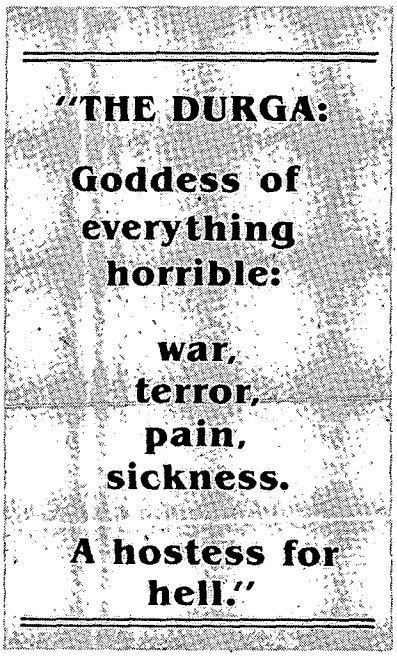

located a different station. I again dialed 460 below him and more loud static and howling. Then blessed silence as he gave up. I thanked Will Noah for teaching me that one. And I thanked him for much, much more.

I slept.

"I'm Delcy Mason," said the tall blonde as I entered the elevator. Her accent was vaguely Texas. Her perfume utterly French. "Aren't you the man who sees snakes?"

"It was a real snake, Miss Mason." The doors slid shut and I looked her over more carefully. A tall girl, rangy, with good bones and fine flesh well distributed over them. She wore a sort of cocktail dress...the kind called, I think, "after five," that bared her shoulders, arms, and knees.

Her face had that elegant gauntness that not one in a thousand high-fashion models ever attain. There were lines there, but the right kind... laughter lines and thoughtful lines. Her mouth was wide, perhaps too much so. Her eyes, which were giving me an equally candid appraisal, were a startling grey. Grey as fog.

"Well!" she announced.

"Yes," I answered. "Yes, indeed!"

The doors slid open and waited for us. "It's Mrs. Mason," she said, "but that doesn't matter because I'm getting a divorce. I have a date for the late afternoon, a fawning embassy type...a Chilean, I think, but it would do him good to get stood up. That is if you'll let me show you a really fun place for tea and cakes."

I shook my head in wonderment. "You do come on strong, Mrs. Mason."

"Call me Delcy," she said, and took my arm. We utterly *swept* out of the elevator and across the lobby. The hotel people tried not to watch us, but even the Swiss manager was smirking.

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Outside, by that magic which only the wealthy and actors in movies can command, a cab halted before us and we entered.

"Kariah Road," said Delcy to the turbaned driver. She settled back and turned to me. "Ever been there?"

"No. What is it?"

She made a rich little chuckle, a purr of enjoyment. "You'll see. Do you think I'm forward?"

"No question about it."

"Good. That was the right answer."

Kariah Road was a mind-bender. It was almost twilight when we arrived. Strings of brilliant paper lanterns and bursts of neon vied with the lemony-yellow sunset. What with all that color, one couldn't call it a red-light district. Also, it lacked the prerequisite drabness, grime and general furtive depression that marked all the other imitation-love-for-sale zones I'd ever seen. It was brilliance and smiles and little kimona-clad chicks from all over Asia, the smell of joss and fried delicacies, the sound of laughter and tinkling bells. It had to be an illusion, but all the girls looked radiantly happy, as if the beginning night would turn into a panic they'd all been waiting for.

As we got out of the cab, a balloon vendor, a wrinkled old Hindu woman, grinned at me so impishly that I gave her a handful of change and she presented Delcy and me with four golden balloons that bobbed above us as we strolled the thronging street.

After a few minutes of sightseeing, Delcy led us down a side street then up a flight of cracking wooden steps into a tea room. We were served ordinary tea and cakes by a covey of extraordinary waitresses. Javanese, I think they were, clad in twisted little clouts of white silk loincloths, and nothing above that but white flowers in coifed ebony hair. Delcy snickered at my attempts to appear unimpressed. She was charming, impudent, witty; and I found myself relaxing for the

"He hasn't the faintest idea who is committing these depravities against him."

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first time since leaving California.

Delcy Mason was the only daughter of a wealthy Oklahoma oil family. By her own admission, she grew up spoiled and willful, was thrown out of both Vassar and Bennington, then eventually graduated via a string of snap courses from Wesleyan College in Macon. Next, a marriage to a P.F.C. because she'd been told not to. "He was an unlucky sod. Fell overboard while embarking from Long Beach and drowned. I can hardly remember what he looked like." She consoled herself by jetting to London, buying a Lotus Elan and wrecking it on the twisting highway between Nice and San Remo.

Perfect breasts, the shade of mellowed ivory, bobbed as two little waitresses poured more green tea. "I sneaked out of the hospital and flew home a couple weeks before I should have, had a relapse, met nice comfortable old Doc Mason, married him, made life hell for him, and decided I'd visit India. I don't know where I'm going, Nick, but I know where I've been. And it's been a blast, all the way."

I believed her. Because in my limited experience with the rich I've found that they are not half so desolate nor bored nor lonely as we poor would like to think.

It was quite dark outside when we left the tea house.

I saw her to her penthouse door, four floors above my quarters, was given a friendly kiss goodnight, and retired in a good mood.

It began the next day. *"La Pression"* we called it in the European theatre of not-quite war. Actually, I suppose, it began with the cobra episode, but it was too early then to detect a pattern.

The tiny Beretta was in my inner coat pocket. I felt a little silly carrying it, but also I felt quite a bit more silly not carrying it. It didn't do a damn bit of good, though, when the cab that was taking me to the Fair site was rammed from behind at a stop light. The driver of the truck that hit us roared away to the right. No rear license plate. Naturally.

Neither my driver nor I broke any bones, but I had a violently aching neck. Ruefully, the hotel doctor told me that my whiplash, while worth many thousands of dollars in California, wasn't recognized as injury in India. He was high class Hindu, educated at Stanford. "In this land," he said, "we follow the generally admirable codes of British jurisprudence as laid down during Victoria's reign. Even if you could locate the other driver, you would be unable to find any legal method of action that admits of anything more deadly than an ox cart collision." He gave me some brown and green capsules,

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which I ignored in favor of the juice of half a fifth of scotch. I fell into a troubled sleep, finally, and Delcy phoned, wanting to know if there was anything she could do. I'm afraid I was a bit rude to her, mostly because I was scared. I wondered what would be the next incident in The Pressure.

They say the French invented *"La Pression."* It's possible. Only a very poor, somewhat amoral and desperate folk could think of such a thing. True, other nations used it later. . . I'd been in on two or three operations of this nature, but I hated it, and I made it known I'd have nothing to do with it again. The Pressure is employed when you wish to subvert a trusted employee of a rival firm or government. It's nothing more or less than psychological softening up. If possible, you hurt your subject financially first. Maybe you take him in a crooked game of cards. Then you rough him up in an alley. And then you break all the windows in his car and slash his tires. The nasty gimmick is he hasn't the faintest idea who is committing these depravities against him, and he gets terribly shaken up. Gauged carefully, he'll be putty when you approach him for a bit of treason. His reason has been replaced by a frustrated agony of rage. He figures, screw this rotten world! What sort of place is this to live in, anyway! Sure, I'll do your job, take your money! What does it matter?

Maybe war excuses such operations; maybe it's even morally justified in the gingerly, deadly sparring that goes on after a war. . .when nations jockey for positions of economic power and strength. I don't know. I rather doubt it.

But I knew it was happening to me.

You'd think it wouldn't be effective, knowing it was being done, and knowing why, but it is. It's worse, for you keep waiting for the next outrage, and when it finally happens, you react with a dull resignation that can make you just as punchy as rage can.

The day after my taxi "accident," I left the hotel to buy some American papers. Walking by a crumbling tenement, I was bombed by an odorous tub of slops. . . rotting vegetables, excrement, feathers, entrails. From what window? Who could tell; who *would* tell? No one. And passing natives thought it extremely amusing. "See the rich white man covered with muck. Observe how he acts just as distressed and angry as would we poor brown men."

For a handful of change, a sympathetic porter *wallah* let me in a back entrance of the hotel and took me up to my floor in a service elevator.

In my brief absence, someone

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had slashed most of my clothes to scraps. I took out my small gun and prayed that I would find someone hiding so that I could gut-shoot him. But no one was there.

I bitched, I yelled, and the troubled Swiss hotel manager arranged to buy me a new wardrobe. Too, he subtly hinted that I might be happier elsewhere, but the hell with that. Harassed I was, but move I wouldn't.

The Trade Fair site was about ten miles outside Calcutta, on Chahutta Road. It was an area of gently rolling green hills, dotted with walled estates and abandoned, ruined temples, some of which were incredibly old, even for this ancient land. Here and there, huge crumbling monuments rose in piles of worked stone above the verdant jungle of vines and banyon brush that flourished on the untended acres. One of them, a particularly hideous creature, thrust its squat body fifty feet into the air. The gargoyle-like head had three lidded eyes, a snarl of fanged teeth, and ten writhing arms, half of which were broken off at the wrist or elbow. I asked my driver what the hell it was.

"That is Durga, sar."

"Who's he?"

"Durga is she. Durga is goddess of everything horrible. Like pain, terror, war, sickness. A hostess for hell."

Through the rear window I watched the monster recede. "Is it . . . she still worshipped?"

The driver shrugged. "Durga is worshipped mostly in nightmares."

I was pondering his theology when we turned off the highway and onto the fair grounds. The main building, the exposition hall, was about the size of the San Francisco Cow Palace; which is to say, vast. It was done in that inside-out style that exposes all the girders and supporting structure, and it wasn't much more ugly than anything at, say, the Japanese Expo. Surrounding it were several satellite Quonset buildings being softened by workmen who were busily stringing a riot of colorful bunting and streamers for them.

At the conference hall I was to inspect, an officious fat *babu* with about fifteen fountain pens clipped to his jacket pocket (an Indian symbol of literacy) pored over my letter of authorization with all the watch-dog caution of a Cape Kennedy gate guard during a red alert. Finally, with a wet sniff of disappointment over the apparent legitimacy of my papers, he allowed me to take my bag of electronic gear inside.

The main conference chamber was done in that low key lavishness that is favored by big business board rooms, and . . . to complicate my labors . . . there was an inordinate amount of

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wooden ormolu adorning the wood paneling and the speaker's rostrum, any one of which could contain a boogy head.

The *babu* settled his huge behind into an easy chair to watch, but I don't work with an audience. I gave him a long cold stare and pointed to the door. Evidently my credentials in Hindustani contained some firm authority, for he heaved his greasy self out without argument, clicking shut the doors behind him.

First I gave the room a close visual once-over for the crude and easily found jobs that a clever operator will sometimes plant as a decoy. . . hoping that once you've found his cheap mail-order bug you'll quit and let his sophisticated three-hundred dollar rig function undisturbed.

Nothing.

I got out a Mindi. That's operatorese for Mine Detector. Although it's no larger than a scrub brush for the john bowl, it's about ten times as sensitive as the large world war two sweepers.

Again, nothing. That is, nothing but a few regular peeps and whistles where orderly rows of nails or bolts would likely be.

So I seated myself at the head of the long teak conference table and had a leisurely cigarette, because sometimes, if the opposition knows you're sweeping a room, they'll shut down their transmit-type bugs for a while in hopes that you'll miss their boogy and give up and go away. Finally, I fished out earphones and plugged them into a transmitter probe. Then I took a small recorder from my wizard's bag, set it for speaker playback and went to the door. I knocked, opened it, said, "Hello. Nice to see you." I shut the door and whipped back into the recorder and turned it on. Taped voices began, a two man conversation about a missing letter which I'd recorded a few days earlier in Los Angeles from a rerun of "Mission Impossible." With it going, I began a circuit of the room, passing the probe carefully up and down the walls. After about two minutes I had it. I was hearing the taped dialogue in my earphones louder than without them. I put a tiny scratch on the wood paneling where my probe gave me the loudest reception, then doffed my phones and slipped out of the room.

I walked down the hall nearest the site of the bug, for although I was dealing with a transmitter, not a phone system, I knew from experience that almost any operator places his receiver as close to the sending station as he can get it. When I guessed I was close I saw I was standing before a doorway that bore lettering in four languages. The one I could read said, "Hanoi

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Traders, Ltd."

From my pocket, I took a device about the size of a flashlight and pressed the flat end to the door panel. This electronic gem is called "The Tumbler," in tribute to that time-honored idea that doesn't work . . . the drinking glass that one is supposed to hear through walls or doors with. I put my ear to the rubber piece at the end and was just in time to hear the taped "Mission Impossible" actors wind up their dialogue. At the sting of mood music, I opened the door.

Two middle-aged Chinese, seated at a table before a receiver, still wearing open-mouthed astonishment at the soap commercial they were now hearing from my recorder, yanked themselves about and stared at me.

I guess I've pulled stupider stunts, but I don't know when or where. *"La Pression"* probably had something to do with my incaution. I like to think that, at least, because one second I heard an intake of breath behind me, and the next, a roaring in my head . . . a red roaring with bright spikes of pain. When my tattered thoughts tried to join up into logic, all I could manage was an image of Durga's nasty face with fanged curved she-lips.

I shook my head to clear it. The pain made me pass out. When I came to again, I was more cautious. Gently, slowly, I eased open my eyes and found I was staring at a bank of fluorescents recessed in the ceiling. After an eternity I managed to sit up. It took a while, for I was trembling with hurt and shock from a very professional beating. I knew without having to look that there wouldn't be a mark on me. Lots of ways to do it . . . a bar of soap in a woolen sock, or, more likely for this clime, a cup of cooked rice in a twist of cloth.

Oddly, I still had my Beretta.

In the conference room, I found my gear just as I'd left it stupidly strewn about. It was an aching effort to pick it up and struggle outside with it, but I was driven by thoughts of haven; my hotel room, a bottle, an oblivion outside this ugliness and hurt; this India.

The statue of Durga seemed to follow me with her hollow eyes as we drove past.

My driver obviously saw something was wrong with me, for he said, "It is the climate, sar. And the water. They can hit a non-resident like yourself, sar. It is unfortunate."

At the hotel, Delcy mercifully, magically appeared and took charge, and my next coherent memory is of her easing off my shoes and trousers. Gently she helped me into the bed and pulled a sheet over me, for the shock was beginning to wear off and I was shivering with pain

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and reaction. After pouring me a strong slug of gin, she said, "My God, Nick Barlow, what sort of business are you in that gets you beaten up like this?"

"No wounds," I protested.

"No. But there are deep red areas around your gut and kidneys and liver. Even the back of your neck. They're fading now. They'll probably be gone by tomorrow. But someone beat the hell out of you!"

Pride trapped me. "More than one," I told her before thinking.

"Well, you'll probably live. You big, mean bastards usually do. But I still think I ought to call the house doc."

"No! I earned that beating. Mistake. Stupidity." I poured down the rest of my drink. Decided I could trust Delcy. "Gotta go back, soon as I get some rest."

The suggestion seemed to appall her. "You stupid idiot! The only place you should go back to is the U.S.A. India has been getting along without you for several thousand years. So take the hint and go home!"

"No. Gotta finish my job. Early in morning." I was talking like a drunk. I wasn't drunk, but it was so much easier to conserve breath, for each inhalation hurt dreadfully. I decided to set my clock for. . . let's see, it was almost six in the evening now. . . let's say for four A.M. I asked Delcy to do this.

"I will most certainly Goddamn not! You're crazy. You need a keeper. Just what the hell is it that's so important to get you up out of a sick bed at four in the morning?"

"Job. Got to. Don't argue, Delcy. Just give me the alarm. Gotta go kill a bug. Trade fair starts day after tomorrow. No time."

Her eyes narrowed strangely. She poured me more gin which I accepted like a professional alcoholic. "Let me get this straight, Nick. . . you've got to go remove a listening device from the conference room at the Trade Fair?"

I hadn't said from which building, I told her that.

She wasn't the least bit discomforted. "Remember, I had to pay the driver for you. And I had to know where you'd been for that."

"Logical," I admitted.

Delcy offered me more gin, which I refused. Much as I would have liked to knock myself out, I had work to do in a few hours. "All right, you silly stubborn man," she blazed, "Get yourself busted up over your stupid job. And here's your damned alarm clock." She tossed it onto the bed and stormed out. I wound the clock and set it for four. I closed my eyes. And the alarm went off.

to be continued. . .

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Spying Through Time

by Joe Lewis

As with any war effort, espionage was an important factor in the Hundred Years War between France and England in the fourteenth century. While certainly not unknown to Europe at that time, an expanded use of spies and intelligence operatives by these two countries, specifically England, was partly due to the successful use of spies by Byzantium and Islamic armies, which relied heavily on spying in their war efforts.

There were various sources for military information available to the English in this war. Perhaps most plentiful were the messengers employed by the English. These men were not hired specifically as spies but they were expected to keep their eyes and ears open while visiting the realm of the enemy, France. Their chief job was assuredly what their name implied: they were couriers relaying information from one king to another. But English documents reveal that these messengers brought back with them much useful military information, as well.

There was another, higher level of messenger, the herald, whose status was just below that of an ambassador. His job was to relay information, like a messenger, but he also had the authority to make deals on behalf of the English king and council. Due to his position in international relations, the herald was privvy to much information of substance, but this status as herald also presented an intelligence problem, one that must seem quite distant from today's world of intrigue. War was of a chivalric nature in the fourteenth century and trust was vested in the herald by both sides. He was virtually forbidden to relate his information to his king or council. He might make use of his information, telling a king to keep his troops away from a certain place on a certain day, but he could not tell him why. To do so would be to betray the trust placed in him, and violate the chivalric norms of his office. There was, then, the paradox of less than noble activity in a time of high noble values.

Not bound by an international code of conduct as the heralds were, the ambassadors themselves were useful spies. Their diplomatic status afforded them much leeway in their clandestine

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activities, but so, too, did their status act against them; ambassadors were considered likely to be spies and thus never trusted. Typically, foreign ambassadors in France were given a team of bodyguards to accompany them while moving about the country, partly to protect them, partly as a mark of honor, but mainly to keep an eye on them as they kept an eye on France. Indeed, we read reports of the French king complaining that English ambassadors were spending too much time relative to their overt missions in France, and occasionally sending these nosy ambassadors hiking. Finally, the ambassadors acted as clearing agents for intelligence activities within France. The English king kept many permanent operatives within France, and these operatives would now and then report their findings to the ambassador, who would relay the information to the king in due time.

Although these three groups, the messengers, heralds, and ambassadors, were only part-time spies, involved in espionage as time allowed, there is evidence that the English employed full-time spies during this period. These included the foreign, permanent operatives mentioned above, as well as full-time agents sent on specific missions.

Interestingly, the full-time agents tended to be non-English citizens. The advantage of this is clear: the agents spoke the enemy's language as natives, thus arousing less suspicion among enemy authorities. Of course, they also had to be careful not to arouse the suspicions of the native population, either. Evidence abounds concerning the fears of the larger French population about the possible existence of enemy agents within their midst, and French citizens were encouraged to make their suspicions known to the authorities. Arrests based on citizen accusations were frequent, and those accused tended to include, especially, Frenchmen who had lived or worked abroad — in England or elsewhere.

English intelligence activities were not limited to information gathering but also included offensive duties. Foreign operatives were expected to spread false rumors in order to demoralize the enemy. They were expected to provide disinformation to enemy military leaders whenever possible, and to maintain contact with native dissident groups, helping their cause when feasible. In short, they were expected to act just as spies are expected to act today. Indeed, upon consideration — and excepting the honor of the chivalric herald — one finds not much has changed in the world of espionage over the last five hundred years; merely the names and the technology. It is nearly reassuring.

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ON FILE.....

by Richard Walton

THE SWEET TOOTHED SPY

Victim John Berridge found sugar to be fatal.

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Alarm bells broke stridently into the dead silence of night in Broadmoor, Britain's hospital-jail for insane killers, on the night of August 8, 1962.

In Block 4, twenty-three year-old John Berridge writhed in agony on his bunk. By the time two doctors arrived, he had given one final shudder and stiffened out in death.

Had an epileptic fit killed him? The doctors looked closer and then glanced uneasily, unbelievingly, at each other.

It could not be!

Berridge's contorted features showed all the symptoms of cyanide poisoning, yet there were none of the deadly crystals in Broadmoor's dispensary, and every parcel arriving for the inmates was opened by guards and thoroughly checked.

But the doctors were right. An autopsy revealed that cyanide was the cause of death. Alarmed Broadmoor authorities strip-searched Block 4 from floor to ceiling, and every other block of the huge mental prison complex; questioned the nine hundred male and female inmates, and the guards and medical staff, too.

Nothing came of it...

Berridge's death became one of the strangest mysteries of the institution's long and bizarre history, although it was officially written off as suicide.

He had been sent there for murdering his father and mother with a shotgun in their Welsh home at Pembroke Dock — apparently without reason — on April 25, 1959. That was why a court found him insane and sent him to Broadmoor to expiate his crime with a life sentence.

But one man knows the motive for that strange crime, and believes that because of it he knows why Berridge died, too. His name is Steve Henley and, in 1962, he was Berridge's pal in Block 4. Because he was Berridge's only friend, he was told the following story...

Berridge's father had been a proud veteran of the second World War and talked his son into joining the Royal Air Force, where he trained as an armourer and bomb specialist and was posted to Butzweilerhof airbase in West Germany.

Now, Berridge liked a good time, and was soon in money trouble because of it.

One night, in a local tavern, he met a smooth-talking German called Horst, who asked him after a few beers; "What do you know about a secret radio-fuse for detonating H-bombs at predetermined heights?"

"You must be crazy asking me a question like that!," laughed Berridge. "It's top secret information!"

"I'm not crazy at all," Horst replied smoothly. "Get me that information, and some details about a mock bombing test carried out in West Germany recently, using

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small nuclear weapons, and I'll pay you well for it."

Berridge sobered up rapidly, thinking about the money. What harm would it do? There was no war on and surely the Communists knew about things like that already!

It would be easy money and so, two days later, he gave Horst the information, handing him also, as a bonus, duplicate keys to a bomb depot at another airfield he had visited in his work as an armourer, and photographs of some A-bomb casings there.

He was well paid for his treachery but then Horst asked him something which made him go pale with fear. He wanted Berridge to blow up a weapons dump.

"No!" he objected. "Information, yes. I'll get that but I'm not killing people for you, too!"

Back in England on leave, Berridge made the mistake of telling his patriotic father what had happened. The father promptly put his country before kin and slapped his son across the face.

"Judas!," he hissed venomously. "You've betrayed the West for a pittance of silver! I'll get the police tomorrow to put you away!"

It was then that Berridge grabbed a shotgun and killed his parents — to prevent them betraying him as a spy.

In court, he was not about to

Broadmoor, Britain's hospital-jail for the criminally insane.▲

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Steve Henley, Berridge's friend in prison, knew the real reason behind the murder. ►

admit that, and he was sent to Broadmoor as an ostensible lunatic who killed without motive.

But he told his friend Steve Henley about it one day.

Then, a few days before his death, Berridge received a parcel. It was opened and checked before being handed to him.

Berridge showed the contents to Henley, gave him a tube of toothpaste from it, and put the other contents, including a bag of sugar, in his locker, saying with a grin, "Someone knows I've got a sweet tooth!"

Berridge did not say who sent the parcel but Henley saw the postmark "Stanmore" on it, a town near London Airport.

Next day, Berridge told Henley: "You'll be out of here before I am. Tell my story. I want people to know the truth about why I killed my parents."

That comment sounds like Berridge expected to live quite some time. If so, then his death next day was not suicide but murder.

Who had the best motive? Obviously, the man Horst and his East German spymasters. Was it they who somehow sent poison into Broadmoor in a gift parcel, possibly in that bag of sugar, to silence Berridge before he told British Intelligence what he knew?

If so, there is still one intriguing question...What happened to the rest of the sugar?!

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World War II Campaign Code Words

C
I
RTO
NAV
VUDEE
ASECR
KOSLYAL
SGISTTO
NIPENOIER
ESKWORRDD
DEVOLOCAAGE
RGTSEHHMNBL
ANVILDPAEEGRG
GMARIEYTARTVA
TEKRAMETLIGROPB

1. TORCH: Allied invasion of North Africa, 1942.
2. OVERLORD: Allied invasion of Normandy, 1944.
3. ANVIL: Allied invasion of Southern France, 1944.
4. BARBAROSSA: German invasion of U.S.S.R., 1941.
5. MARKET GARDEN: Allied campaign in Holland, 1944.
6. GRENADE: Allied campaign into Germany, 1945.
7. TYPHOON: Planned American invasion of Japan, 1946.
8. ECLIPSE: Planned Allied attack on Berlin, 1945.
9. MARITA: German campaign in the Balkans, 1941.
10. EDELWEISS: German plan to take Stalingrad, 1942.
11. CITADEL: German plan for the Battle of Kursk in the Ukraine, 1943.

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SPY SCRAMBLE

Unscramble these six words, and then use the double underlined letters to solve the "final scramble," a famous espionage personality.

S N R P I O	— = — — = —
R T C S E E	— — = = — =
H R C P Y E	— = — = — =
D M E F R E O	= — = — = — —
F A F T S	= — — — =
L M I K R N E	= — = — — = —
— — — — — — — — —	— — — — — — —

ESPIONAGE NUMERAL CODE

Each letter is represented by a number,
Most letters have two-digit numbers, but there are six, one-digit numbers to help confuse the code-breaker. As no one-digit number starts a two-digit group, the rightful recipient would have no trouble with his decyphering, while the interloper might.

94750905 719692 81 7481948674842 57381828074 81 7080801 70948183901 92738192 592196925 818482 0190925 73755 7380961 96708084 927390 59281290 818482 92739084 755 739081182 8480 7280190 7592 755 81 92819490 92809482 7183 8184 7582758092 0969494 800 580968482 818482 096183 5752847508375842 8480927375842 7281671 909273 81692 0757690 56908490 0757690

Answers are on pages 158 and 159.

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Solution to World War II Campaign Code Words

C
I
RTO
NAV
VUDEE
ASECR
KOSLYAL
SGISTTO
NIPENOIER
ESKWORRDD
DEVOLOCAAGE
RGTSEHHMNBL
ANVILDPAEEGRG
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SOLUTION to SPY SCRAMBLE

PRISON FREEDOM FREDERICK FORSYTH
SECRET STAFF
CYPHER KREMLIN

Solution to ESPIONAGE NUMERAL CODE

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, Act five, Scene five.

A	81	N	84
B	71	O	80
C	6	P	70
D	82	Qu	3
E	90	R	1
F	0	S	5
G	2	T	92
H	73	U	96
I/J	75	V	76
K	86	W	74
L	94	Y	83
M	72	X/Z	93

94 75 0 90 5 71 96 92 81 74 81 94 86 75 84 2
L I F E S B U T A W A L K I N G

5 73 81 82 80 74
S H A D O W . . .

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Only $25.00 for 20 Words or Less
$1.25 each additional word
Capitalized words add 40¢ per word

DEADLINE: Copy and payment must be in by the first day of the third preceding month for issue in which ad is to appear.

_____ Words at $1.25 $ _____
_____ Captialized word at 40¢ per word _____
Total amount for 1 ad $ _____
15% Savings with 3 Consecutive Issues
(a) Multiply one ad total $ _____ x3= $ _____
(b) Multiply total amount on above line by x .85
(c) Total amount for 3 ads $ _____
(Example: One 20 word ad $25.00 x 3 months equals $75.00 x .85=$63.75)

(Please print or type)

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FIRM (NAME IN AD) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

PHONE _____ **DATE** _____

YOUR SIGNATURE _____

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Did you know...

In November of 1939, a German light aircraft carrying a liaison officer and his pilot was blown off-course and made a forced landing at Mechlin, just inside the eastern frontier of Belgium. A local gendarme noticed the occurrence and approached the aircraft to investigate. He found the officer trying to set fire to some papers, which the gendarme seized and turned in to his superior officers. The content of these papers was clandestinely communicated to the British and French governments and military staff, all of whom assumed a clumsy attempt at deception. The information was ignored; no countermeasures were taken or envisioned.

The papers subsequently turned out to be the German General Staff's plan for the invasion of the Low Countries and France.

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The British invasion of Norway in 1940 was an unmitigated disaster. Britain squandered precious men and material in a stillborn attempt to stop Hitler's war machine. After the war, Churchill, the English P.M., admitted to still being utterly confused.

He hadn't known that B-Dienst, the German cryptanalytic unit had given the Germans a ringside seat to the invasion.

In March 1939, B-Dienst broke the British naval codes, which detailed the British plans for the invasion of Norway. Then the Germans waited for the British to strike at Narvik, in northern Norway.

As the British were nearing Narvik, the German navy sent a small flotilla in, as a decoy, to intercept them. Then, when B-Dienst reported that the British had sent the entire Home Fleet and the First and Second Cruiser Squadrons after the decoy, the German Army ferried itself across the Skaggerak to Oslo in safety, wherein they awaited, in strength, the soon-to-be-defeated British military. Norway fell under the shadow of the Axis only a few weeks later.

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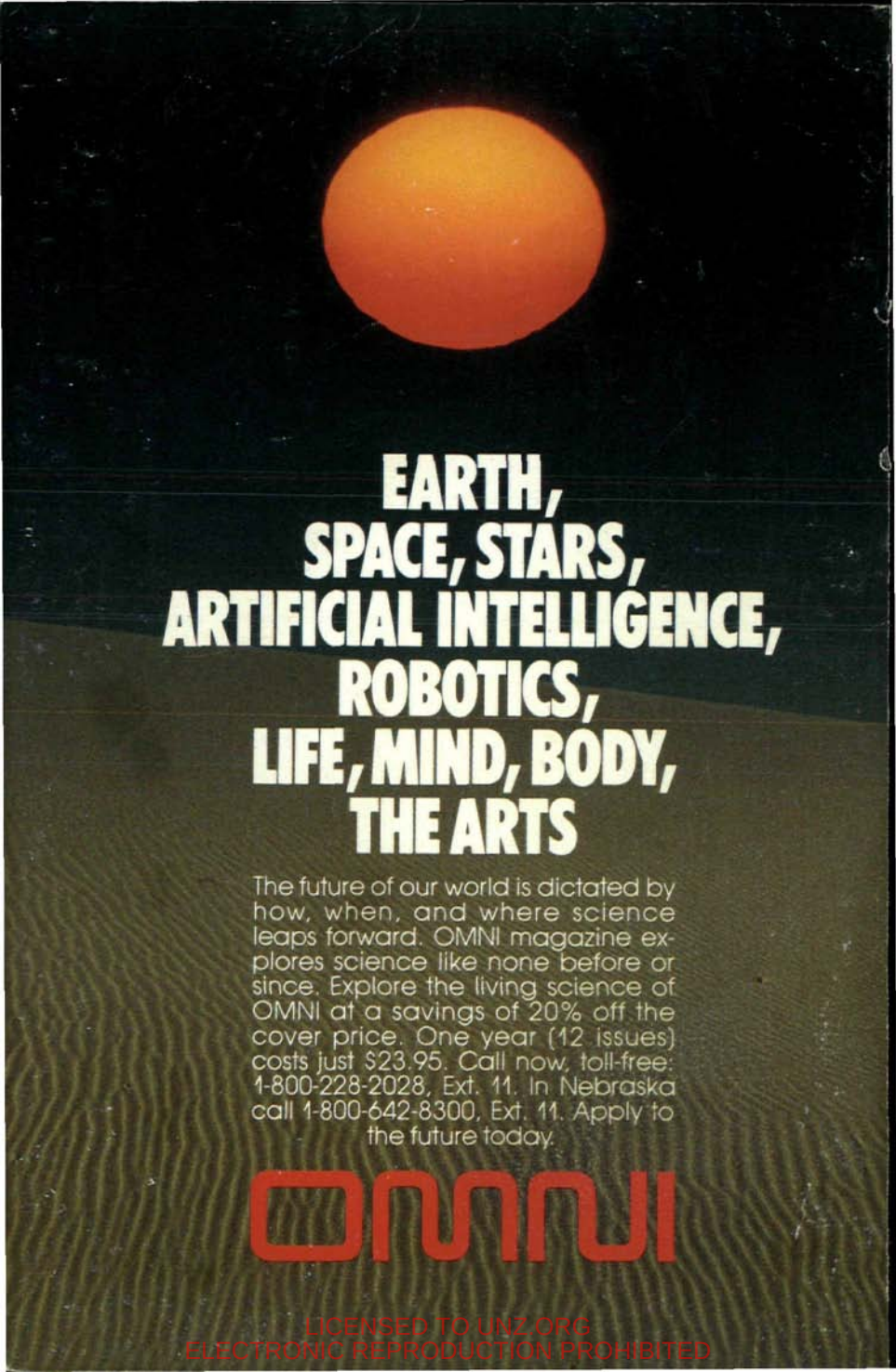
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